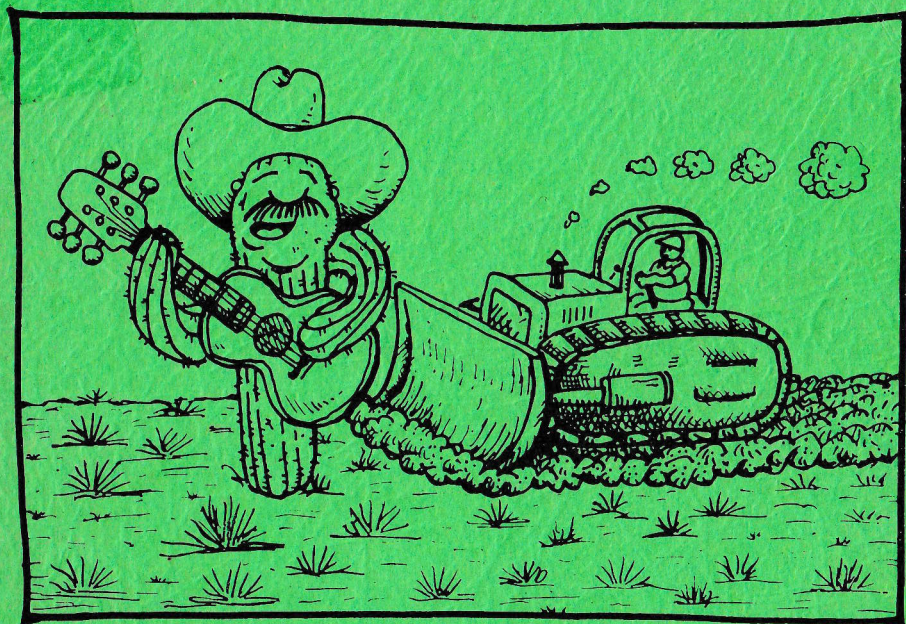


The Earth First! Li'l Green Songbook



**Johnny
Sagebrush
and Friends**

5140

The Earth First! Li'l Green Songbook

Johnny Sagebrush and Friends

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A NED LUDD BOOK
Tucson, Arizona
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INTRODUCTION

This is the fifth edition of **The Li'l Green Songbook**. The first edition, back in 1981, was just some hastily typed and xeroxed sheets Bart Koehler and I pulled together for Johnny Sagebrush at the Cracking of Glen Canyon Damn. There's been a lot of water under the bridge since then (but not enough through the Damn). The fourth edition (a real book put together by Pete Dustrud) was published in 1982 but has been out of print for several years. We've been trying to get this edition out for at least three years but . . . Well, Johnny is up in Alaska, I'm down here with the saguaros, there've been a few arrests, a lot of bulldozers and chainsaws, many miles of trail, work to do at night

But here it is. The fifth edition of **The Li'l Green Songbook**. One difference in this edition over previous ones is that we have included other outstanding Earth First! singers/songwriters in addition to Johnny Sagebrush — Bill Oliver, Cecelia Ostrow, Walkin' Jim Stoltz, Greg Keeler, and others from Australia and the USA. I don't need to tell you how important music is to our cause. Lone Wolf Circles in his foreword does that better than I can, and the actual songs in this book do an even better job than does Wolf.

This is, instead, my opportunity to thank the songwriters who have cooperated so well in helping us to present their powerful lyrics to you. I've heard them in bars, in auditoriums, in the desert wind, in a Fourth of July snowstorm. The singers in this book help me keep on fighting. This is their book. Make it yours, too.

There are two kinds of songs presented in **The Li'l Green Songbook**: Rousing sing-alongs that any picker should be able to play, and highly original songs that are tied to the particular songwriter. We include this latter category so you can have the words to these songs whether you wish to try them yourself or merely sing along at the next Round River Rendezvous. Guitar chords are included for many of the songs, but it was not possible to include the actual music. If you want to learn the music to these songs, listen to the respective cassette tapes available (ordering information is in the back of the book).

Special thanks are due to Karen Jackson of Typografx in Chico, California, for her generous donation of time and energy in typesetting this book, and to Ed Caldwell of Ed's Printing, also in Chico. It's wonderful to work with people who believe in what you are doing and who are as committed to a publishing project as you are. Thanks, friends.

Lone Wolf Circles has put his boundless energy into this book also. Wolf reviews music for *The Earth First! Journal* and is an outstanding performer in his own right. Check out his stunning cassette "Full Circle" with his throbbing poetry set to the music of man and nature. It's also available from Earth First!. I especially appreciate the artists who have donated their work to this book as they have to the *Earth First! Journal* — Mike Roselle, Helen Wilson, Marcy Willow, Mike Gouse, Roger Candee, and Lisette Timm. Finally, thanks to John Davis who typed all of these songs for typesetting.

We hope to present a sixth edition of **The Li'l Green Songbook** in a year or two which will contain even more songs from the musicians featured here and from others as yet undiscovered by Earth First!.

All of the songs and art included in **The Li'l Green Songbook** are copyrighted 1986 by the songwriter or artist.

Now, read these songs, play these songs, sing these songs. They are energy, they are the wind. They're the voice of Earth.

— Dave Foreman



FOREWORD

Earth First! has a terrible reputation as a kick-ass, no-compromise environmental movement, willing to blatantly publicize "monkeywrenching" (including the sabotage of machinery in American wilderness). Willing to blockade development of roadless areas, chain themselves to trees to prevent the harvesting of old growth (for our napkins and desk chairs!).

Proud of it, in fact!

Yet, not enough is said about the artistic and spiritual insights that *inspire* such passionate defense of Mother Earth. Recognition of the planet as a living organism, the integrity of each species. Reviving the vision of our robust ancestors, peering over crackling fires at the magic, rhythmic world.

Thousands of years of devolution later, mankind has imposed its monotone conformity and discordant controls.

Enter the song as Monkeywrench, tossed out to stop the flow of conceptual reality long enough for new perspectives to slip in; for a heightening of awareness . . .

In this spirit we present these songs of love and resistance by our Earth First! bards. Sing them at rallies, in stuffy legislative hearings, and around the fires of our gathering tribe. But sing them with *feeling*. Forget what they tell you about the plaintive cry of the wolf! It is neither sad nor mournful. It is a celebration of life, an indulgence in sensation. They're just party'n!

These are the howls of Earth First! Join in.

— Lone Wolf Circles

Johnny Sagebrush



We tend to disparage the Neanderthal, use him as the butt of our jokes, an example of dull wittedness; but *Homo sapiens neanderthalensis* was of our species, his blood still flows in our veins, his heritage is in our hearts, many of us carry his bones in our faces. Neanderthal was an artist, had religion and music, loved those close to him; indeed, his brain was larger than ours today. Physical anthropologists tell us that if we could take one of these old ones, shoe his feet, enclose his frame in modern synthetics, brush his hair, and set him loose on our busy sidewalks, he would go unnoticed, would blend into the crowd.

Johnny Sagebrush is a Neanderthal. The forces shaping him have reached darkly out of the repressed memory of the past along thin strands of DNA and touched him in his mother's womb. His large head, heavy brow, generous molars, strong jaw with its retiring chin, and shortlegged robust frame mark him as a descendant of those who are no more — of those who, as a race, followed the cave bear into the darkness. This stubby, calloused finger from the last interglacial has touched more than his physique alone, for his sharp eye watches the passage of night stars, his watchful ear hears the distant call of the geese, his listening heart feels the deep tug of the full moon. Like a 15½ shirt on his 17½ neck, civilization fits him too tightly.

Moreover, Johnny Sagebrush (or Bart Koehler or whatever this character is calling himself) is an outlaw country buckaroo songwriter and performer. He is our Waylon and Willie. When he's drunk enough he's even our David Allen Coe. In a two-minute song he can capture more magic, passion and meaning than I can in an hour-long harangue. He is the original bard of Earth First!

Bart Koehler is also my best friend and the only person I know who is more full of shit than I am. (Although he'll tell you the same thing about me.)

— Dave Foreman

Monkeywrenchin'

(Words and music by B.N. Koehler)
(for Edward Abbey)

You ^Ggrab a wrench, I'll ^Cget the Karo ^Gsyrup
Picks ^Dand shovels and wire cutters ^Ctoo
Iron ^Gfilings and sugar ^Cfor the gas ^Gtank
Then ^DI'll show you what we're ^Cgonna ^Gdo

Chorus:

Monkeywrenchin' ^G, monkeywrenchin' ^G
Monkeywrenchin' ^D, all over this ^Cland
Monkeywrenchin' ^G, monkeywrenchin' ^G
Monkeywrenchin' ^D, all over this ^Cland

Don't forget your gloves and camouflage tee-shirt
Take some extra clothes to help you, with your disguise
Get your friends and let us get a rollin'
Don't forget your mirrored sun glasses to cover up your eyes

Chorus

Daylight crime sure is more exciting
Moonlight crime's romantic, that sure is right
So pull up those stakes
Close down those roads
And wreck those machines
And you know everything's, gonna be allright

When we go . . .

Chorus

Thinking Like A Mountain

(Words and music by B.N. Koehler)

Chorus:

Well, I've been thinkin' ^Glike a mountain, ^Call day ^Glong
Well, I've been thinkin' ^Clike a mountain, ^Gall day ^Glong
The North ^Dwind kills my spirit
Don't you know there's something ^Cwrong? ^G

Well, there used to be some wolves here, runnin' wild beneath the moon
Well, there used to be some wolves here, runnin' wild beneath the moon
The green fire in their eyes
Was snuffed out all too soon

Chorus

One time there were some grizzlies, high up on this hill
One time there were some grizzlies, high up on this hill
But the grizzlies are all gone now
And this hill is deathly still

Chorus

I've called out for their freedom, but no one wants to know
I've called out for their freedom, but no one wants to know
So, I pray for that old north wind
To cover me with snow

Chorus

Lock It Up

(Words and music by B.N. Koehler)
(inspired by James Watt)

I was standing on a mountain^D
And what did I see^{G D}
A thousand grinding chain-saws^D
Coming after me^{G A}
I said "Hey — Mr. Satan"^D
"You better listen to what I say!"^{G D}
"We're gonna lock it up — and throw the key away!"^{D A G}

Chorus:

Lock it up, lock it up^{D D}
Lock it up, lock it up^A
We're gonna lock it up^G
And throw the key away!^{A D}

I stood there strong and shaking
Saying "you'll never get this wild, wild land"
Let this land stay wild and free
Here's where we'll make our stand
Then I heard those Angels singing
And I got down on my knees to pray
We're gonna lock it up — and throw the key away

Chorus (repeat)

Stand in Front of That 'Dozer

(Words and music by B.N. Koehler)

Chorus:

Stand in front of that dozer^G
Stand in front of that dozer^G
Stand in front of that dozer^{D C}
Till it turns around^G

Waitin' in the moonlight with a chill^G
down my back^C
Heard a bulldozer comin' down the track^G
Rollin' and a roarin' with a clickity clack^D
I sure do hope that he turns back^G

Chorus

The dozer's comin' closer I can see it
son
Movin' fast at us like a shot from a gun
I think I'm gettin' nervous, who said this was fun?
It's him or me, I hope he turns and runs

Chorus

Now it becomes a simple test of will
The man yells "Move out or you'll get killed"
"Don't want no one hurt and no blood spilled"
Our tents got tossed all over that hill

Chorus

Dan Rather tells it on the evening news
'bout those conservation campers with the bulldozer blues
The oil men were illegal — it's all their fault
And the campers are charging those men
with assault

We got ourselves together up in Oregon Way
Taking on the Forest Service, U.S. of A.
Trying to stop a timber sale
And 44 of us ended up in jail

Chorus

Some folks got covered up with dirt
Some got cuffed, and some got hurt
Some had it easy, and some had some luck
And one got hit by a pick-up truck

Chorus

The fight against the dozers never
really ends
We stood up to the dozers, and we'll do it again
The judge stopped the road up Bald Mountain Way
But, we'll block those dozers again someday

Chorus

Never Take Those Trees Away

(Words and music by B.N. Koehler)

^{E_m} They want to cut the tall ^D trees.
^{E_m} The spruce along the hills
^{E_m} Cut them with the chainsaw
^{E_m} And drag them to the mill

They hold this earth together
Those giants in the ground
Don't you know the land is dying
When they cut the big trees down?

Chorus:

^G And they'll never take those trees away from me
^{E_m} No, they'll never take those trees away
^G They'll never take those trees away from me
^{E_m} No, they'll never take those trees away

A land once green and livin'
Is turning black and brown
The hills are torn and bleedin'
'Cause they've cut the big trees down

This forest is my freedom
The place I've always known
We've got to stand and fight together
We've got to save our forest home

Chorus

The Buffalo Are Gone

(Words and music by B.N. Koehler)
(to Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, & Black Elk)

Never seen a redder sunrise
Never seen a sunset so black
Men with guns along the railroad
See them coming down the track

They killed the Bison by the millions
Then left them rottin' on the ground
The cries of death and destruction
Can't you hear that awful sound

Chorus:

The Buffalo are gone
The Buffalo are gone (repeat)

They killed the Bison to starve the Indians
Then killed the Red-man to take this land
Don't it make you feel like cryin'
How can we make us understand

We've sung the death song of the Bison
And we're killin off the Great Bear
And the Condor, is seein' his last sunrise
We've killed our brothers everywhere

Chorus

In a dream I see them coming
Runnin' wild in the Black Hills
Stampeding fast I hear hooves pounding
Return the Bison from the kill

Chorus

Will They Do It Again?

(Words and music by B.N. Koehler)
(for Earth First! in memory of Hetch Hetchy & Glen Canyon)

Standin' by the river — with a tear in my eye
Standin' by the river — see that it's run dry
Standin' by the river — I used to watch it flow
Standin' by that old river — I wonder —
where did it go?

Chorus A:

Will they do it again? ooo I wonder
Will they do it again? They'll be rain and thunder
Will they do it again? NO they won't do it again

They want to take these mountains — so close
to my home
They want to tear up these mountains —
right to the bone
They want to kill this country — of trees and stone
They want to take this Mother Earth — why can't
they leave her alone?

Chorus B:

Will they do it again? Will they take tomorrow
Will they do it again — They'll be pain and sorrow
Will they do it again — NO they won't do it again

Chorus A

Bad Wolf

(Words and music by B.N. Koehler)
(blues progression)

^E
I like my caribou juicy
^E
Like my moose steaks thick
^E
But you know those ecologists are right
^E
I only take the weak and the sick

Chorus:

^A
But I'm a bad Wolf baby — chasin' caribou ^E
^{B₇}
I'm a bad Wolf baby — look out ^A
^E
I'm comin' after you

Caribou is tasty — Sitka deer are nice
But my bread and butter meal — is fresh caught mice

Chorus

They're chasin' me with rifles
Shootin' from fast flying planes
Huntin' me down from snowmobiles —
it's drivin' me insane

Chorus

They want to fit me with a radio-collar
To help them track down my own pack!
I think it's time we drew the line
It's time to start shootin' back

Chorus (Howl for the Wolves.)

Sacred Land

(Words and music by B.N. Koehler)

^G ^{E_m} ^C
Three sisters live in Oregon / see them
^D
glow in the setting sun
^G ^{E_m} ^C ^D ^G
They've been here since time began / this is my sacred land

The river wide that I have known / the river free called Yellowstone
The waters ran since time began, this is my sacred land

The northern forest, wild and deep / the place that rocks me in my sleep
The trees have grown since time began, this is my sacred land

Across the desert all alone / a land of sand /
of sky / and stone
This place has lived since time began, this is my sacred land

From snowy peaks to sagebrush hills / this place I love, I always will
These mountains stood since time began, this is my sacred land

This Earth has stood since time began
This is my sacred land



Look What We've Done

(Words and music by B.N. Koehler)

Chorus:

Look what we've done, look what we've done
We've killed our Mother Country, look what we've done

We've poisoned our blue skies
Fouled our rivers — made them die
Torn the forests from the mountains
Look what we've done

Chorus

Stripped the prairies for black coal
Killed the rest for gas and oil
Now there's little left to spoil
Look what we've done

Chorus

The fish all passed away
And the wildlife's gone today
And it kills me now to say
"Look what we've done."

Chorus

Oh, I do hope that someday
You can stand right here and say
"Yes, we've saved our Mother Country.
Look what we've done."

What we've done, what we've done
What we've done, what we've done
We have saved our Mother Country
Look what we've done.

Were You There When They Built Glen Canyon Dam?

(Words by B.N. Koehler)

(tune — "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?")

Were you there when they built Glen Canyon Dam?

Were you there when they built Glen Canyon Dam?

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble

Were you there when they built Glen Canyon Dam?

Were you there when they killed this river dead?
Were you there when they killed this rio dead?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble
Were you there when they killed the Colorado dead?

Spirit come and tear this dam away
Spirit come and tear this dam away
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble
Spirit come and blow this dam away.

People stand and roll away these stones
People stand and roll away these stones
Oh, you know this Earth is going to tremble, tremble
People stand and roll away these stones.

Paradise

(Words by B.N. Koehler) (With apologies to John Prine)
(tune — "Paradise")

When I was a child my family did ramble
In Southeastern Utah, by Canyonlands way
I remember it once was a Garden of Eden
A heaven on Earth for all creatures to stay.

Chorus:

Daddy won't you take me back to good old Grand County
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay
I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking
The County Commissioners have sold it away.

Well, uranium came and struck big in the County
Followed by booms of oil and gas
Now tar sands are rushing to pay a big bounty
Wrecking the county and killing our past

Chorus

Now the County Commissioners have got them a 'dozer.
They've torn out the sagebrush and dug up the sand
I'm gonna get me a hammer and head for the Courthouse
Gonna crash it asunder on the progress of man.

Chorus

I hope that someday I'll return to old Moab
To the canyons and arches that I love so well
When the County Commissioners and their screaming supporters
Drive their steaming bulldozer straight in to hell...

Chorus

Mount St. Helens

(Words by B.N. Koehler)
(tune — "Red River Valley")

Chorus:

Take her back, take her back Mount St. Helens
Take her back from our careless human hands
Bring her home, bring her home Mount St. Helens
And, try to make your people understand

It was Sunday, May 18th, 1980
The ravens and eagles knew the sound
It was early in the morning when it happened
Mount St. Helens blew up skyward from the ground

Chorus

The ashcloud turned daylight into darkness
The Toutle and the Cowlitz flooded deep
Trees were scattered, wildlife fled, men were helpless
Mount St. Helens had awakened from her sleep

Chorus

Some folks called it a disaster
Some counted all the folks that died
They planned new roads, new timber sales, forever after
But they've never heard how hard the mountains cried

Chorus

The "Smoking Mountains" are talking to each other
The legends of the Cascades go that way
But it's time to love the earth and hear our Mother
And we better start this new life here today

Chorus

It's Time to Fight

(Words by B.N. Koehler)
(tune — "I Saw The Light")

Chorus:

^G
It's time to fight, it's time to fight
^C
No more compromises — no more sleepless nights ^G
^G
The earth needs her freedom — stand in the light
^G ^D ^G
Praise our Mother — it's time to fight

I was riding my pony across the Great Divide
Discovered that there just ain't no place to hide
There's strip mines and clearcuts and oil rigs
day and night
It's time for justice, it's time to fight

Chorus

I'd been so disheartened — at what I did see
Rape and destruction from sea to dying sea
Acid rains on our forests, nukes glowing in the night
Let's take back our country — it's time to fight

Chorus

For The Wilderness

(Words by B.N. Koehler)
(tune — "Your Cheatin' Heart")

^G ^C
This timber sale will make you weep
^D ^G
The soils are thin, the slopes too steep
^G ^C
The elk will hide, the moose will, too
^D ^G
This timber sale will make you blue

This oil well rig will make you mad
It's such a crime, it's so damn bad
The bighorns will run, the bears will, too
This oil well rig will make you blue

Chorus:

^G ^C ^G
As we gather here on this mountaintop
^C ^D
It's time to stand — It's time to make them stop!

We'll stand by you — Oh, wilderness
We'll fight the tide, we'll fight this mess
We'll guard your life — no matter what they do
Oh, wilderness — we're gonna stand by you

Chorus

Stop the G.O. Road

(Words by B.N. Koehler)
(tune — "Kansas City")

Chorus:

Well, we're gonna stop the G.O. Road,
Stop the G.O. Road here we come
We're gonna stop the G.O. Road,
Stop the G.O. Road here we come
They're trying to kill the Siskiyous
And we're gonna save them, son.

Well, we're standing up on Blue Creek, in Northern California
Well, we're standing up on Blue Creek, in Northern California
We're gonna stop the G.O. Road
Hey! I thought we better warn ya.

Well, we might use an axe
We might use a shovel
But we're gonna close that G.O. Road
We're gonna go in on the double

Chorus

They're hot for destroying Sacred Indian ground
They're hot for destroying Sacred Indian ground
We're gonna stop the G.O. Road
We've got to tear that devil down!

Chorus

You Can't Screw Around With Mother Nature

(Words by B.N. Koehler)
(tune — "Rollin' My Sweet Baby's Arms")

Chorus:

Well, you can't screw around with Mother Nature
You can't screw around with that old girl
You can't screw around with Mother Nature anymore
'Cause she's coming to take back her world

Hey — remember good old San Andreas
Remember that Fault? That earthquake crack?
Nevada's gonna have a seacoast soon
'Cause Mother's gonna get us back on track!

Chorus

Hey, you better look out for the Tidal Wave
Look out — on those West Coast shores
One big crashin' wave is coming on in
And your cities won't sit pretty any more.

Chorus

Hey — here comes a healthy Hurricane
With rain and winds and surf
Smashing and bashing with lots of rain
Mother's come back home to claim her turf

Chorus

Look out for all those mighty rivers
Rich and heavy with flood
You better run for the highest ground
Or else you'll drown in nature's blood

Chorus

Hey — you better watch those sweet Volcanoes
They're on fire from deep within the earth
You better be prepared for a fiery dawn
'Cause Mother Nature's claiming her rebirth

Chorus

Justifiable Riverside

(Words by B.N. Koehler and Vince Haughey; tune —
"Down By the Riverside") (Equal Time for the Corpse
of Engineers and the Bureau of Wrecklamation)

^D
Building dams is not a crime
^A
It's justifiable riverside
^D
Justifiable riverside
Building dams is not a crime
It's justifiable riverside
^A ^D
Justifiable riverside

The benefits exceed the costs
Justifiable riverside
Justifiable riverside
Justifiable riverside
Don't worry 'bout the total loss
It's justifiable riverside
Justifiable riverside

Can't you support the dams we need?
Justifiable riverside
Justifiable riverside
Justifiable riverside
To satisfy our endless greed
It's justifiable riverside
Justifiable riverside

We'll damn all rivers, just you wait
It's justifiable riverside
Justifiable riverside
Justifiable riverside
But don't worry folks, we'll mitigate!
It's justifiable riverside
Justifiable riverside

Note: Special thanks to Friends of the River

Give Me That Earth First! Religion

(Words by B.N. Koehler)
(tune — "Give Me That Old Time Religion")

Chorus:

^G
Give me that Earth First! Religion
^D ^G
Give me that Earth First! Religion
^G
Give me that Earth First! Religion
^C ^D ^G
It's good enough for me

It was good enough for grizzlies
It was good enough for bighorns
It was good enough for grey wolves
Well, it's good enough for me

Chorus

It was good enough for eagles
It was good enough for pupfish
It was good enough for louseworts
Well, it's good enough for me

Chorus

It was good enough for redwoods
It was good enough for sagebrush
It was good enough for old growth
Well, it's good enough for me

Chorus

It was good enough for Aldo
It was good enough for Murie
It was good enough for Marshall
Well, it's good enough for me

Chorus

It was good enough for John Muir
It was good enough for Thoreau
It was good enough for Abbey
Well, it's good enough for me

Chorus

It was good enough for Hayduke
It was good enough for Bonnie
It was good enough for Seldom-Seen
Well, it's good enough for me

Chorus

Well, it's time to save our mountains
And it's time to save our rivers
And it's time to save our oceans
It's time to set them free

Chorus

(note: Continue with your own creative verses.)

River

*(Words by B.N. Koehler)
(tune — "You Are My Sunshine")*

Chorus:

^D
You are my river, my only river
^G
You help me carry on each day ^D
^G
I love to roll down in your freedom ^D
^A ^D
Please don't damn my river today

The other day, I rafted down you
It felt like drifting on the air
Those rays of sunshine on your waters
Warmed my heart and took away my cares

Chorus

If there's a life here, after death here
I want to be reborn as a friend
I want to swim there as an otter
And play at the river's bend

Chorus

If the boss men try to damn you
Then the war has just begun
I'll defend you, day and night there
And I swear I'll never run

Chorus

They'll Be Tearing Down The Mountain

(Words by B.N. Koehler) (for the Forest Service)
(tune — "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain")

^D
They'll be tearing down the mountains
when they come

They'll be tearing down the mountains
^A
when they come

^D
They'll be tearing down the mountains

^G
Tearing down the mountains

^D ^A
They'll be tearing down the mountains
^D
when they come

They'll be raping and scraping when they come
They'll be raping and scraping when they come
They'll be raping and scraping
And they'll be no hesitatin'
They'll be raping and scraping when they come

They'll kill the old wild west when they come
Yes, they'll kill the old wild west when they come
They'll kill the old wild west
And gobble up the rest
Yes, they'll kill the old wild west when they come

Amazing Waste

(Words by B.N. Koehler)
(tune — "Amazing Grace")

Chorus:

^G ^C ^G
Amazing waste will kill us all

^D
From sea to shining sea

^G ^G
Give back this death to the Pentagon

^D
And set our people free

Stand alone on that piece of ground
The Island in the Sky
Look south across to the Gibson Dome
It makes me start to cry

Chorus

Speak strong, sing sweet, and hold your ground
As long as you can stand
Just look around, you're not alone
When you save the Canyonlands

Chorus

Oh, Wilderness

(Words by B.N. Koehler)
(tune — "Amazing Grace")

Chorus:

Oh, wilderness, how sweet the sound
A place so pure and free
Somewhere so far away from town
That's where I want to be

The waters flow from a silver spring
So cold, so sweet, so clear
An eagle's cry uphigh does ring
The sound I love to hear

Chorus

The trees, the peaks, the deserts fine
A land of sky and stone
I've never lost my freedom here
This country is my home

Chorus

Come walk away, come quick, come see
This place of our rebirth
Look all around and listen hard
And touch our Mother Earth

Chorus

Rape & Scrapin'

(Words by B.N. Koehler)
(tune — "Froggy Went A Courtin'")

Rape & scrapin' they did ride — uh-huh
Rape & scrapin' they did ride — uh-huh
Rape & scrapin' they did ride
Tear up all the countryside — uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.

They went a lookin' for some coal — uh-huh
They went a lookin' for some coal — uh-huh
They went a lookin' for some coal
Take this country's heart and soul
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.

They went a lookin' for uranium — uh-huh,
They went a lookin' for uranium — uh-huh,
They went a lookin' for uranium
Hey, there boy, go suck your thumb
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.

They went lookin' for oil and gas — uh-huh
They went lookin' for oil and gas — uh-huh
They went lookin' for oil and gas
Hey there child — go kiss my ass
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.

I don't think I can take no more — uh-huh
I don't think I can take no more — uh-huh
I don't think I can take no more
Kick these suckers out the door
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.

Will Our Mother Be Unbroken?

(Words by B.N. Koehler)

(tune — "Will the Circle Be Unbroken?")
(in memory of James Watt)

^GWell I saw a Black Cloud coming
^CIt was coming from the ^GEast
Riding like a swirling monster
^DWas a bureaucratic ^Gbeast

Chorus:

Will our Mother be Unbroken
Let Her shine now, let Her shine
And the Circle will go on living
For all time, now, for all time

He said "I don't paddle, I don't walk now"
"I get bored in Grand Canyon Park"
"But I know that it's my job, now
To destroy old Noah's Ark."

Chorus

He spoke of Heaven, he spoke of Jesus
He spoke of the Judgment Day
But I know now he wants my Mother
He wants to sacrifice Her today

Chorus

The mighty forces of the Earth, now
Will resist the beast this time
And your children will stand strong, now
Keep together, and hold the line.

Chorus

'Cause there's no man, now, there's no beast, now
Who can tear our Mother apart
He'll have to kill all of your children
Yes, I feel it in my heart.

Chorus

For Ned Ludd

(Words by B.N. Koehler)

(tune — "I've Been Working on the Railroad")

^GI've been working in the stripmine
^Call the live long ^Gday
^GI've been working on the oil rig,
^Djust to keep the A-rabs away
^CI've been cutting down the redwoods ^G
and mining in the mountains so ^Ggreen.
^CCan't you see old Ned Ludd coming? ^G
To trash all your ^Dmachines. ^G
^GNed won't you blow, Ned won't you blow ^C
^DNed won't you blow your ^Ghorn, your horn?
^GSomeone's in the Heavens with Ned Ludd
Someone's in the Heavens, I ^Dknow
^GSomeone's in the Heavens with Ned Ludd ^C
^GStrumming on her old banjo
^GAnd singing . . .
Fee, Fi, Fiddly-i-o, Fee, Fi, Fiddly-i-o-o-o-o ^D
^GFee, Fi, Fiddly-i-o — ^C
^GYour machines have got to go. ^D

(Note: Ned Ludd was a weaver in the late 18th century who led protest marches against machines and destroyed factories.)

Put Down Your Axe, Paul Bunyan

(Words by B.N. Koehler)
(tune — "Tom Dooley")

^G
Put down your axe, Paul Bunyan

^D
Put down your axe and cry

^D
You've clearcut our land of forests

^G
Poor Paul, you're bound to die

You were the biggest logger

This country ever did see

Wackin', smackin', and hackin',

Those big old, tall pine trees

You loved the praise they gave you

Those timber baron men

You kept cuttin' and a runnin'

They said, "it'll grow back again."

From the East, the Lake states and the Northwest

Boy, you were such a man

But you never looked behind you

To see what you'd done to the land

Now you've made it to the West Coast

You say "We've won the war."

But you look around for the tall trees

"God, there just ain't any more."

All those trees up in Alaska

Are being shipped off to Japan

And where does it all leave you?

A broken down old man

I saw you, Paul, last Sunday

You had your day in the sun

You and Babe were carved in the "Trees of Mystery"

Looking over Highway 101

(Repeat first verse.)

D.C. Circus

(Words by B.N. Koehler) (for our nation's capitol offenses)
(tune — "Camptown Races")

^D D.C. Circus sing that song — ^A doo-da, doo-da

^D Trying like hell to do us wrong — ^A all the doo-da ^D day.

Chorus:

^D Gonna work all night, ^G gonna work all ^D day

^D Well, I bet my money on Home on the Range

^A But they're trying to blow it away ^D

Air Force Boys sure love MX — doo-da, doo-da

'Cause Nuclear War's more fun than sex — all the doo-da day.

Chorus

Multiple land use sure is fine — doo-da, doo-da.

Rape and Run — then put in a mine — all the doo-da day.

Chorus

Here they come with black hard hats — doo-da, doo-da

Rumblin' West on D-9 cats — all the doo-da day.

Chorus

The BLM sure knows how — doo-da, doo-da

To overgraze just to fatten those cows — all the doo-da day.

Chorus

The Forest Service sprays herbicides — doo-da, doo-da

'Cause they love to watch our forests die — all the doo-da day.

Chorus

Smokey Bear you better run into town — doo-da, doo-da

'Cause the Chief's gonna cut your forests down —
all the doo-da day.

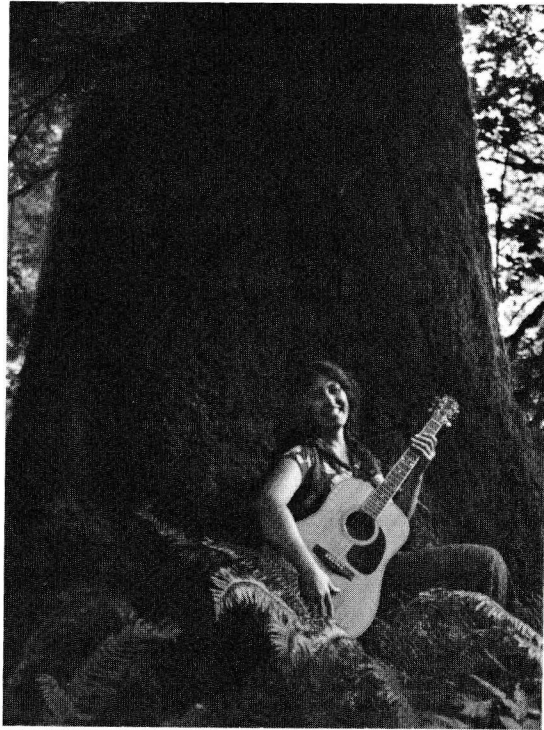
Chorus

They work together — hand in hand — doo-da, doo-da

To rape and ruin our promised land — all the doo-da day.

Chorus

Cecelia Ostrow



I've heard Cecelia Ostrow's songs on over a hundred occasions, and my reaction is always the same. Everything else is shut out and her clear, pure voice lifts me beyond to big trees, waterfalls, and birds. When Cecelia sings, she is the most beautiful person on Earth. No . . . she is Earth.

On the Earth First! Road Show, after too many beers, too many greasy cheeseburgers, too many miles, too many performances, all I needed to be re-inspired was to listen to Cecelia's first song of the evening and I was relaxed, re-invigorated, and made whole again.

Like all of the songwriters/performers presented in **The Li'l Green Songbook**, Cecelia Ostrow is also a dedicated environmental activist. She was one of the organizers and mainstays of the Cathedral Forest campaign in Oregon and has been arrested several times in non-violent protest against the genocide of the big trees living in her "Sweet Oregon Home." She is currently touring with her band "All Life Is Equal" to organize a national campaign for Old Growth.

Cecelia sings about what she knows, sings from a fundamental sense of *place*, sings about that which the Big Trees have told her. Read the words to her songs, listen to them . . . and do something for the trees.

— Dave Foreman

You Were There For Me

(Words and music by Cecelia Ostrow)

When I was down, I came to you,
My heart was raw from crying.
Your firs and cedars sheltered me,
You made me feel like trying.

I know that I am part of Earth,
And you are spirit, too. . .
Oh you were there for me,
And I'll be there for you.

Sometimes, when I am far away,
I am afraid to come.
Afraid that when I come to you,
That I will find you gone.

That I will find a logging crew
Is tearing into you . . .
Oh you were there for me,
And I'll be there for you.

So I will write my Congressmen,
I'll speak to those in power,
But when it comes the time to stand,
It comes the final hour —

Ah, when the men are closing in,
I will be there with you. . .
Oh, you were there for me,
And I'll be there for you.

When I was down, I came to you,
You held me in your being.
I see your face, so wild and pure,
In every mountain stream.

But when the forest lies in ruins,
Then who will say what's true?
Oh you were there for me,
And I'll be there for you.

My Sweet Oregon Home

(Words and music by Cecelia Ostrow)

^G There's a sweet and ^D virgin land,
^G There's a sweet and virgin ^D land,
I know, because I have been there —
^G Flowers blooming by the ^D sea
^G Move a place inside of me
Wild earth and wild sea, and clean air —
It's my sweet ^G Oregon ^C home. ^D
Where the bear and the elk still can ^D roam
Oh, take ^G care of my ^C Oregon ^D home
'Cause it's worth more than gold.

Mountain valleys white with snow,
Forest deep and green below —
Secrets of nature you'll find there.
If you learn to love the land,
Learn to leave it as it stands,
You can find true peace of mind there —

It's my sweet Oregon home,
It's my sweet Oregon home,
There is peace in this Oregon land
That is worth more than gold.

Memories of ancient trees
Linger on in city streets —
Cascades, and wild glades, in sweet dreams —
But there's a wild and virgin land,
Yes, a sweet and virgin land,
These are the lands that we must save.

So don't log off my Oregon home!
Don't spray the hills of my Oregon home!
Don't drill off the shores of my Oregon home!
Can't you leave it alone?

It's my sweet Oregon home,
It's my sweet Oregon home,
And it's doing so well on its own —
Can't you leave it alone, my sweet
Oregon home?

I Talk to the Trees

(Words and music by Cecelia Ostrow)

^G I talk to the ^C trees, ^G
And the trees talk to me, ^G
They tell me of places, so far away ^C ^G
Where once there was forest, ^G
and none stands today ^C ^G
They tell me of streams clear and free — ^G ^D
Yes, that's the way it should be. ^G

I know that trees
Are tall, gentle beings,
They stand in the sun and they stand in the rain
They sing to my spirit and heal my pain —
They take it all away,
And that's how the forest should stay.

This is the feel of a natural space,
Where everything fits in its natural place —
This is the feel of virgin land,
A part of the wilderness that was our land.

The trees of Manhattan
Were powerful back then —
The shores of Lake Erie, so tall and so green
Were covered with forest, alive and clean.
They took it all away,
But deep in my heart it will stay.

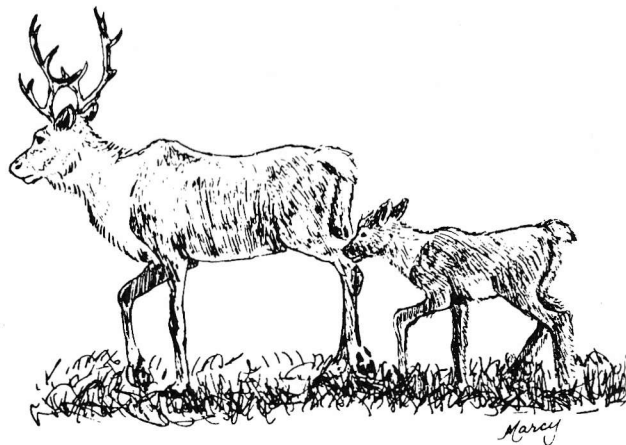
I talk to the trees

Cummins Creek

(Words and music by Cecelia Ostrow)

^G Cummins Creek, take me down, take me
^C down the water where
^D Water runs bright and clear —
^G Giant trees spread their branches alone
^C by Cummins Creek
^D Home of the elk and deer —
^C Eagles fly in heaven,
^C Very much like heaven to me . . .

^G And if you sit softly down, softly down
^C by Cummins Creek
^D You can remember when —
^G When the world, once the world was alive,
^C a wilder place.
^D Far from the ways of men —
^G You can feel it again.



Let Things Grow

(Words and music by Cecelia Ostrow)

^{E_m} Wind blowing low on the mountain,
^D Fresh from the surf and the sea,
^D Wind in the wings of the falcon,
^G Singing in ancient trees —

^G The air, the air,
^D The crystal air,
^G Film of the life that we know —
^{E_m} Let's stand back in awe of the living being
^G And Let Things Grow.

Waves on the face of the ocean,
 Waves in the ocean of grass —
 Life made the soil that we stand on —
 And we shall be earth when we pass —

The land, the land,
 The living land —
 Film of the life that we know —
 Let's stand back in awe of the living being
 And Let Things Grow.

The elk feels the pulse of the forest
 The bear knows the way of the woods —
 The animals know the One Being —
 Their lives bring the world only good —

The life, the life,
 The wild free life —
 Wiser than all that we know —
 Let's stand back in awe of the living being
 And Let Things Grow.

Bird Song

(Words and music by Cecelia Ostrow)
(Written in McKenzie River Forest, Lost Creek)

^D
Listen to the bird's song — ^{A_m}
Where have all the birds gone?
Fallen to the 2,4-D —
Fallen with the mighty trees —
(Bird cries.)

Strange, unhuman voice I hear —
Softly falling on my ear —
Teach me how to understand —
I, who sing these songs of man.
(Bird cries.)

Listen to the bird's song —
Where have all the birds gone?
Fallen to the 2,4-D —
Fallen, with the mighty trees.
(Bird cries.)



Oh, California

(Words and music by Cecelia Ostrow)

^{A_m} ^G ^{A_m} ^G
I'll sing you a song of a land that is dying,
^{A_m} ^G ^C ^B
A song of the waves, and the rocks, and the wind.
^C ^G ^{A_m} ^G
I'll sing you the song of the great northern redwoods,
^{A_m} ^G ^{A_m} ^{E_m} ^{A_m}
A song of a time that will not come again.

Chorus:

^C ^G ^{A_m} ^F ^G ^{A_m}
Oh, California, your dark northern forests
^F ^G
Were treasures more precious than
^F ^G
silver or gold.
^C ^G ^{A_m} ^F ^G ^{A_m}
Oh, California, the wild rolling ocean
^F ^G
Still speaks to the spirit
^{A_m} ^{E_m} ^{A_m}
That once was your soul.

Light filters green, down through branches and branches.
Ferns nestle soft at the feet of the trees.
The bear and the owl rest beside the still waters.
And I, in the forest,
Am deeply at peace. (Chorus)

Rain drizzles down on the bare, ruined hillsides.
The wind pulls and tears at the trees that remain.
Oh, who, California, has fostered this madness,
And when will your lovely dark hills
Come again? (Chorus)

Bill Oliver



I am personally proud to introduce the work of Earth First!er Bill Oliver, and his fun yet stirring recording "Texas Oasis." He provided the instinctive rhythms and encouragement for my first reading of poetry to music, and has unselfishly made time for *many* Earth First! rallies. His sincerity and dedication make him glow, proof again of the effectiveness of the arts in advancing awareness and instigating action!

He has written heartbreakers for other species few could write about their lover; songs of marching happiness like "Habitat" (with a momentum we can carry up to the very bastions of the land-rapers), songs to bring down the walls with our joyous resistance! We appreciate his letting us print some here: the heartfelt work of our very good friend . . .

— Lone Wolf Circles

Habitat

(Words and music by Bill Oliver)

Refrain:

Habitat, habitat, have to have a habitat

Habitat, habitat, have to have a habitat

Habitat, habitat, have to have a habitat

Have to have a habitat to carry on

The ocean is a habitat, a very special habitat

It's where the deepest water's at, it's where the biggest mammal's at

It's where our future food is at, it keeps the atmosphere intact

The ocean is a habitat that we depend on

The forest is a habitat, a very special habitat

It's where the tallest trees are at, it's where a bear can scratch her back

It keeps the ground from rolling back, renews the aquifers in fact

The forest is a habitat that we depend on

The river is a habitat, a very special habitat

It's where the freshest water's at for people, fish, and muskrats

But when the people dump the trash, the river takes the biggest rap

The river is a habitat that we depend on

People are different than foxes and rabbits

Affect the whole earth with their bad habits

Better to love it while we still have it

Or rat-ta-tat-tat, our habitat's gone

Song for William O. Douglas

(Words and music by Bill Oliver)

Climbing high above Yakima, to overcome being frail
Early lessons in nature's law were waiting out on the trail
From Washington state to Washington D.C.
He shaped the laws of the land
For thirty-six years on the Supreme Court
With his mind, his heart, and his hands

William O. Douglas, man of the wilderness,
Jefferson spirit, and the Bill of Rights
Friend of the Indian, hobo, and president
Defender of nature and the poor peoples' fight

His father was a man of the holy book
To the small town churches he'd ride
With a turn-of-the-century strength he spoke
But he was far too young when he died
His mother was a widow at a tender age
With a family of four to provide
Together they struggled through the hardest of times
And he grew like a mountain inside

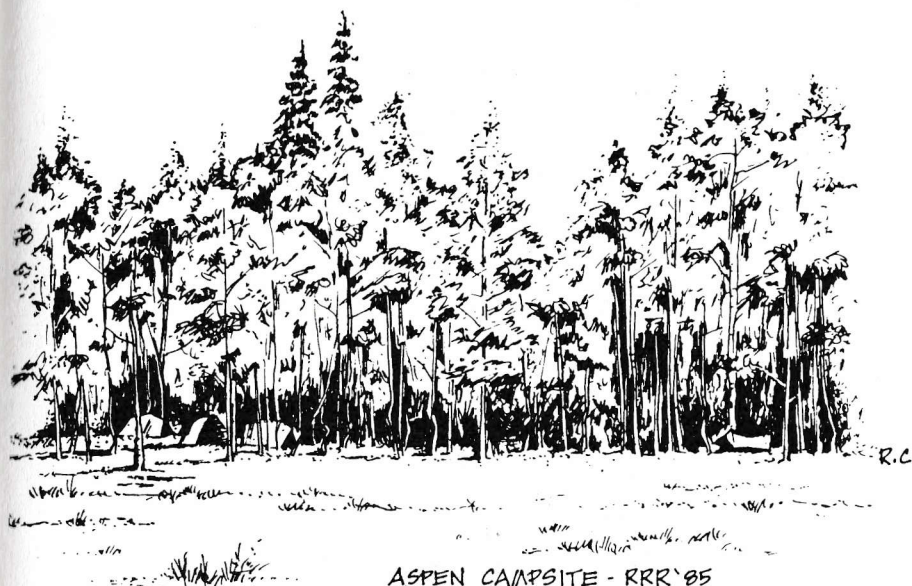
He stood for a public dominion
In the face of oppressive opinion
And like Lewis and Clark, Audubon and Muir
He followed the visions within him

A master of the mountains of mystery
He could slap the back side of a grizzly
Inspire the pals of the C & O Canal
And rewrite the verdicts of history

Talking to Trees

(Words and music by A. Glen Myers)

I once talked to a tree
And it said to me
In these words unspoken
From the dictionary
"If you think I can't think
And know not how to be
Then watch how the birds
Sit upon my knee
And from you they flee"



Shopping Maul

*(Words and music by Bill Oliver)
(urban sprawl blues)*

There's a whole lot of women

There's a whole lot of guys

Get a little bit of money

Makes their blood pressure rise

Do they go downtown

To spend all that dough?

Oh no, let me tell you

Let me tell you where they go

They go to the Maul

The big old Shopping Maul

It makes your downtown business crawl

The big old Shopping Maul

They got central air

They got central heat

You can change floors

Without moving your feet

You can pay for it now

You can pay for it later

You can go for a ride

On electric escalators

Down at the Maul. . .

I spell M, macho

A, big one

U, know it

L, yes

That spells MAUL

Maul, Maul, Maul

It's a bulldozer's ball

Got a zillion parking stalls

Makes your downtown business crawl

Pollute when the rain falls

When you've seen one you've seen 'em all

Your brand new, big old Shopping Maul

If Cans Were Nickels

(Words and music by Bill Oliver)

A lot of energy it takes

To make a can and it's a waste

To throw away after one use

Let's keep the cans and save the juice

Refrain:

If cans were nickels and nickels were cans

We wouldn't have cans all over the land

If bottles were nickels and not on the ground

We'd use them one more time around

You don't throw money out of car windows

But that's where lot's of garbage goes

Much of it would be refilled

If we had a deposit bill

Throwaways don't go away

Where they lay is where they stay

Empty bottles and empty cans

Have no place on worthy lands

Containers are a big convenience

But why are litter laws so lenient

If they would be re-used again

We'd cut down litter and save on tin

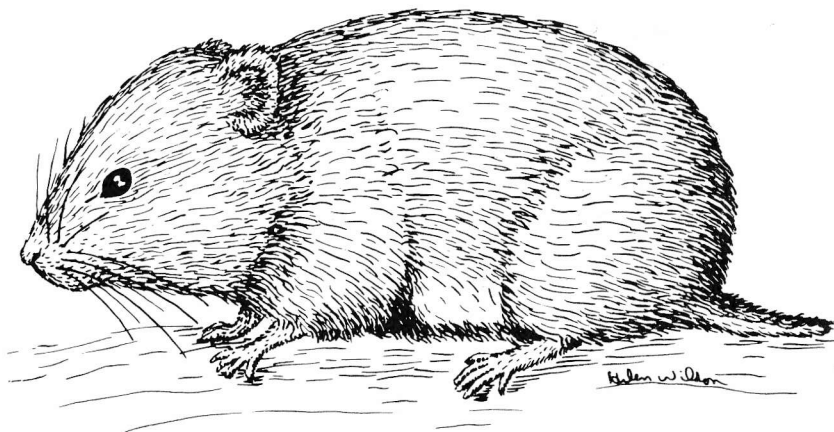
Pretty Paper, Pretty Trees

(Words and music by Bill Oliver)

Pretty paper, pretty trees
Pretty forest, pretty please
Pretty easy saving trees
Please recycle, pretty please

A stack of paper short as me
Saves a forty foot pine tree
Think of all the news I need
Think of all the trees I read

Would you believe the old trash can
Is where the forest often lands
Thrown away with so much ease
In the road and in the breeze



Texas Oasis

(Words and music by Bill Oliver)

Texas has the reputation
Of desert lands and open spaces
Dust bowl towns and weathered faces
Empty prairie and desert mesas

Strangers traveling across the nation
Passing through on their vacations
Think all that they'll find is sand
Aren't prepared for the forest stands

That dominate all of East Texas
Forests rich and as complex
As any in our hemisphere
Trees as old as a thousand years

From Four Notch up to Chambers Ferry
Ancient stands of solitary
Spanish moss and dwarf palmetto
Wildflowers in wilder meadows

Hardwood trees of oak and hickory
Older than our nation's history
Ironwood for Indian bow
Sweet gum and sweet tupelo

Wildlife in secluded worlds
From alligators to flying squirrels
Many on the endangered list
Many that only here exist

The home of the rarest woodpecker
Half a dozen Florida panthers
Southern nests of the bald eagle
Direct ties to our primeval

Most of this is on the verge
Of being cut down to the earth
And replaced with a pine plantation
Forests planted in formation

And what was once a tangled glory
Impenetrable understory
Will become a sterile palace
Monoculture out of balance

They'll cut down Angelina quick
It won't be wild and it won't be thick
It won't support the white-tailed deer
Or migrant birds that rest up here

The hardwoods'll be hard to find
The Piney Woods'll just be pine
Our wilderness will be in rows
Watch where the erosion goes

If we turn over every acre
To the timber undertakers
We'll reduce to tiny traces
What was once a vast oasis

Get out the conservation vote
Write your legislature notes
Tell them that you want to see
More wilderness priority

Tell them that the Forest Service
Recommendations make you nervous
After all it's not a lot
After all it's all we've got

Texas has the reputation
Of desert lands and wasted spaces
Dust bowl towns and weathered faces
Empty prairie and desert mesas

If we trade our finest forests
That were here so long before us
For a giant pine plantation
We'll deserve that reputation

Condo

Words and music by Bill Oliver
(Sort of an update of Malvina Reynolds' song, "Little Boxes.")

Condo,
Condominium

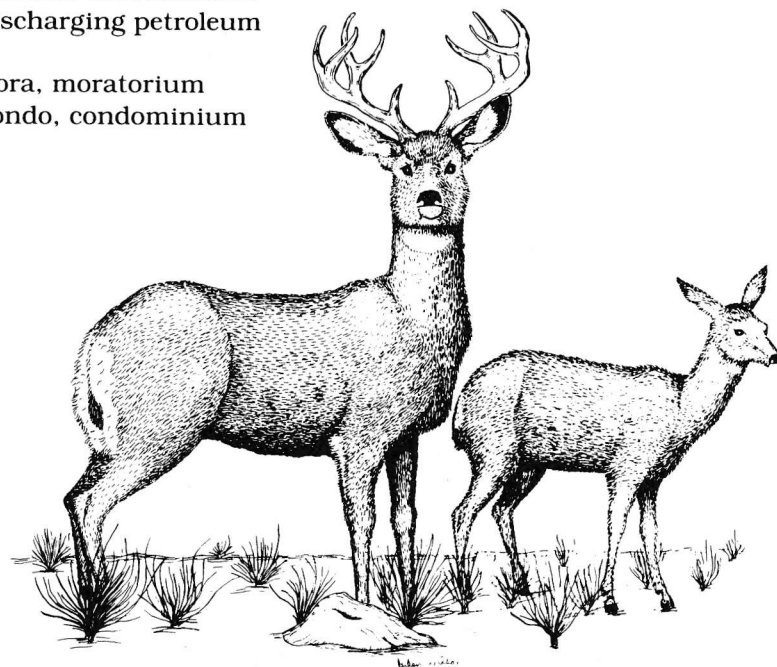
Condo,
Condominium

There's so,
There's so many of 'em

Can't get,
Can't get rid of 'em

Concrete and aluminum
Asbestos and linoleum
Discharging petroleum

Mora, moratorium
Condo, condominium



Holes

(Words and music by Bill Oliver)

They got concrete walls that are four feet thick

Except for the holes, 'cept for the holes

So if anything leaks it won't leak very quick

Except through the holes, 'cept through the holes

They got a concrete contract we're supposed to believe

But it's full of holes, it's full of holes

There ain't nothing shaky, nothing up their sleeves

Except for the holes, 'cept for the holes

They got holes in the walls where there shouldn't
be holes

got holes in the laws where there oughta be laws

got a whole lotta plans for the future ahead

And if they think I believe 'em they got holes in their heads

Holes in their heads, holes in their heads, holes, holes, holes, holes, holes

(Now hold it. Let's take another look at this "hole" situation. . .)

When the fuel's dug up it leaves holes in the ground

Holes in the ground, holes in the ground

And uranium tailings scattered around

Scattered around, scattered around

And when it's done its work it goes back in a hole

Back in a hole, back in a hole

And when the waste cools off ain't nobody knows

Nobody knows, nobody knows

There ain't nobody knows what we can control

Just like nobody knows what the future will hold

There ain't nobody knows and it worries my soul

That something so solid should be so full of holes

So full of holes, so full of holes,

Holes, holes, holes, holes,

Holes, holes, holes, holes,

Holes, holes, holes, holes, holes,

Snail Darter March

(Words and music by Bill Oliver)

Refrain:

Snail Darter, Snail Darter

You may be small, but you're a starter

Snail Darter, Snail Darter

Saving you was a dam site smarter

TVAcres, TVAcres

No more lakes for TVAcres

Howard Baker, Howard Baker

Flood no more acres for Howard Baker

Golden Eagle, Golden Eagle

Hunting you should be more illegal

Golden Eagle, Golden Eagle

Your numbers grow far too feeble

Timber Wolf, Timber Wolf

How can we be so aloof

Timber Wolf, Timber Wolf

The Whooping Crane is too much proof

Big Blue Whale and Grizzly Bear

Statistically are barely there

It can happen, if we don't care

Giants vanish in the air

Homo sapiens, Homo sapiens

Use your senses, Homo sapiens

Push your planet to the brink

Someday we too will be extinct

Muir Power to You

by Bill Oliver

^G Long is the ^A legend of the ^D life of John Muir,
and many are the dangers he braved.

^G Without his leadership you ^A can be ^D sure,
^{B_m} Yosemite would never been saved.

^G A century later the battles remain,
the momentum we're facing is huge.

^G But so is the ^A movement inspired by his ^D name,
^{B_m} may his courage and his work live in you.

^G Muir Power to You, ^A may the strength of a ^D redwood be yours

^G Muir Power to You, ^A with the grip of a ^D glacier endure

^G Muir Power to You, ^A John Muir would've been ^{B_m} proud

He traveled alone on thousand mile hikes
when the weather was warm or would freeze.
He loved the Sierra when it filled up with storm
and he was tied atop a swaying tree.
He worshipped the beauty of all he could see,
even when he was robbed of his sight.
When his vision returned he would go on to be
the protector of the range of light.

Muir Power to You, may you look with the light from within
Muir Power to You, may the wilderness become your friend
Muir Power to You, John Muir would've been proud

Scientists and teachers would arrive at the points
that his articles and lectures would claim.
Even politicians would eventually join
with what photographers and artists would frame.
When we think of John Muir it's so easy to see
the difference one person can make.
The same river's flowing through you and me,
it's living in the steps that we take.

Muir Power to You, as you fight to keep that river alive
Muir Power to You, as you help another species survive
Muir Power to You, on the oceans and mountains and trails
Muir Power to You, in the classrooms and courtrooms and jails
Muir Power to You, may the strength of a redwood be yours
Muir Power to You, with the grip of a glacier endure
Muir Power to You, John Muir would've been proud

Pine Away Pine Bark Beetle

by Bill Oliver
(for the Southern Pine Bark Beetle)

I wouldn't want to be a pine tree, living on a pine plantation
With nothing but other pine trees, in every single direction
No, I'd rather be a wilderness with a mix of tree species
Than back at the pine plantation, where the chainsaw waits for me

The wilderness is protected from cutting of any kind
At least that's what the law says, but that's not what I find
Crews from the Forest Service are over-protecting my trees
From a beetle that eats the weaker pines that are over-crowding me

They say that bug is bugging their profits,
So they come in the forest and they kill and they chop it
But that method never stops it, anyway

The beetle doesn't affect the hardwoods, many pines are even immune
They're the genetics we should be saving, but they're cutting them
down, too

If they've got to cut their buffer zones,
Let 'em cut buffer zones in zones of their own
Let the wilderness handle the beetles the wilderness way

Chorus:

So pine away pine bark beetle, turn the wilderness over to nature
Let the woods be like they would be if they weren't a business venture
Back at the pine plantation, we got pine enough for the whole nation
So pine away pine bark beetle, turn the wilderness over to nature

Burning down the barn to get rid of the rat, is a foolish solution,
is a foolish act

But that's what the Forest Service can't seem to see
Saving the wilderness by cutting it down is like saving a village
by bombing it out

They're barking up the wrong solution, cutting down the wrong trees.

That beetle's been around a long, long time and you know it always will
Poison just makes it stronger, and cutting won't cure its ills

It's selective in its pace, its selective in its kills
It leaves homes in the forest where the woodpecker drills
It's just taking its place in the wilderness, while they're taking
the wilderness away

Chorus

Turtle Island

by Bill Oliver

^GIndians ^Dbelieved a long time ago that the world was floating thru space
On the back ^Gof a turtle that kept it from sinking, that kept it in a
safer place ^D

^GTurtles were special, and thought to be wise, from the ages that live in
their eyes ^D

From the back ^Gof their shell, they would keep us so well,
in fact they would keep us alive ^D

^GWe are the children of Turtle Island, a story that's old and that's new ^D
On Turtle Island there's a turtle smilin', carrying the world for you ^D

Turtles can migrate from ocean to ocean, travel thousands of miles
in the sea

Crawl from her shell and seven years later, come back to
the very same beach

Nobody knows how they remember the way, it's a scientific mystery
Charles Darwin and others became turtle lovers, because turtles,
they felt, held the key

We are the children of turtle island, a story that's old and that's new
On Turtle Island there's a turtle smilin', carrying the world for you

Turtles have outlived the dinosaur kings, with millenniums stored in
their genes

But like so many species on the brink of extinction, we're losing the
turtles of the sea

Now the tables are turning, the story's returning,

As mythology mixes with fact

As the fate of the turtle and the fate of the island
are now resting on our backs

We are the children of Turtle Island, a story that's old and that's new
On Turtle Island there's a turtle smilin', but their world is
depending on you

Like so many species on Turtle Island, their world is depending on you.

Overgrazed

(To be sung to the tune of "The First Noel" with great exaggeration and meaning, at least for a while. Please expand upon this epic.)

The first sheep that I ever saw
Was eating the prairie the roots and all
Overgrazed, overgrazed, overgrazed, OVERGRAZED
Boy, is this prairie overgrazed.

The second sheep that I ever saw
Was eating the prairie the roots and all
Overgrazed, overgrazed, overgrazed, OVERGRAZED
Boy, is this prairie overgrazed.

The 89th sheep that I ever saw . . .
. . . (repeat) . . .

The first cow that I ever saw . . .
. . . (repeat) . . .

The first bulldozer that I ever saw
Was dozing the prairie the roots and all
Overgrazed, overgrazed, overgrazed, OVERGRAZED
Boy, is this prairie overgrazed.

*(Created at Big Bend National Park one Thanksgiving trip by
Arizona and Texas EF!ers.)*

We've Got Better Things To Do

by Bill Oliver

Dear Washington and Moscow, we know you've got the know-how
To destroy this world with your vast technology

We're turning back the page now, to Death Valley Days, now
But this time the narrator isn't playing make-believe

Refrain:

We've got better things to do than to blow this world in two
There's a better way to die than to leave nothing behind
There's a better life to live, living proof's easy to give
Let's don't blow this world in two, we've got better things to do

The western world is trembling, reporting how the Kremlin
Used chemical warfare in Afghanistan

We're quick to say they did it, but we will not admit it
That Agent Orange and napalm did the same in Vietnam
And we escalate the arms race, 'til everyone's in last place
And everyone's the loser to the same mentality

Refrain

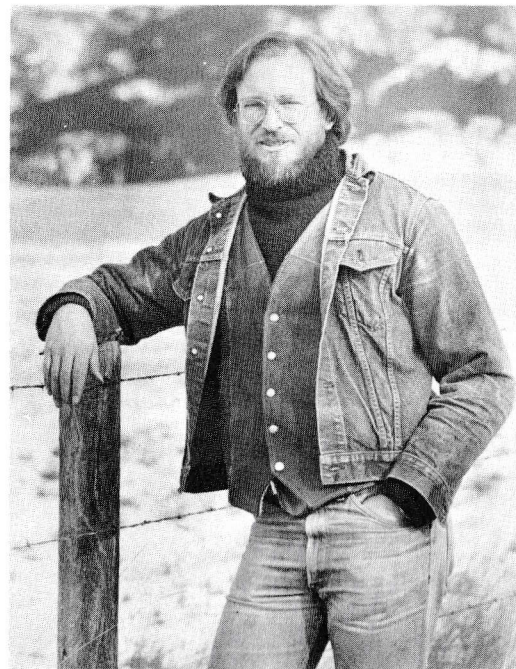
People the world over, in ours and other lands
Gather like we have today to focus our demands

We see it and we feel it, in our minds and in our hearts
This menace we've created, we must tear apart

For we've got families to raise, other progress to be made,
Other stories to be told, other people to grow old,
Other sunrises to see, inner secrets to set free,
Other poetry to write, autumn leaves and summer nights,
Other libraries to fill, higher meaning to instill,
Other mountains yet to climb, other rivers yet to ride,
Other thoughts to be relayed, other music to be made

Refrain

Greg Keeler



Greg Keeler is a hundred percent Earth First!er and one hell of a guy. He takes time off from teaching in a university English department to abstract reality in his wonderful country songs. Earth First! Music began with the founding crooner, Johnny Sagebrush, whose tape we'll finally have available in the winter of 1986-7. But before anybody had gone off and done something crazy like promote music that represents this neo-Apache movement, Greg donated the music and profits from the outrageous tapes we're so happy to represent (the infamous "Songs of Fishing, Sheep and Guns in Montana" and the new "Talking the Sweet Bye and Bye"). Keeler (with a voice you'd take home with you, but mama wouldn't let you keep) takes sarcastic charm to a new level. He represents Earth First! humor, a throwback to cave jokes where our sordid insight helped us keep our fear in perspective in the constant face of overwhelming odds.

This is humor we utilize to turn devout cynicism into poignant action. Greg's songs are to be sung around some campfire as far as you can get from the static, preferably at the onslaught of a drunken stupor, when you can awaken the rowdy spirits of the past, invoke the advice of Zapata and Captain Brautigan. Laugh our hopes into the sky like the sun, under the delightful illusion that neither will ever burn out!

Thank you, Greg, from all of us.

— Lone Wolf Circles

Church Bells

(Words and music by Greg Keeler)

^D Well I got up this morning, heard the church bells ring,
^G And I thought about the lofts where the choirs sing,
^A People sleepin' while the preacher give his spiel,
^G Then hustlin' toward the lobby with they bidness deal,
^D

Chorus:

^D Just like one of them fat fellas with they slicked back hair
^G Talkin' 'bout the Lord on the tv air,
^A Thousand dollar suit hangin' offa he back,
^G Headin' down the road in the Cadillac,
^D And when he lays him down to sleep,
^G He asks the Lord his holdings keep,
^A And then he lies all night awake
^G And prays the Lord don't liquidate
^D

I listened to the radio the other night.
Heard this fella said he'd seen the light,
And then he told me all about bargain price
On an autographed picture of Jesus Christ,

Chorus

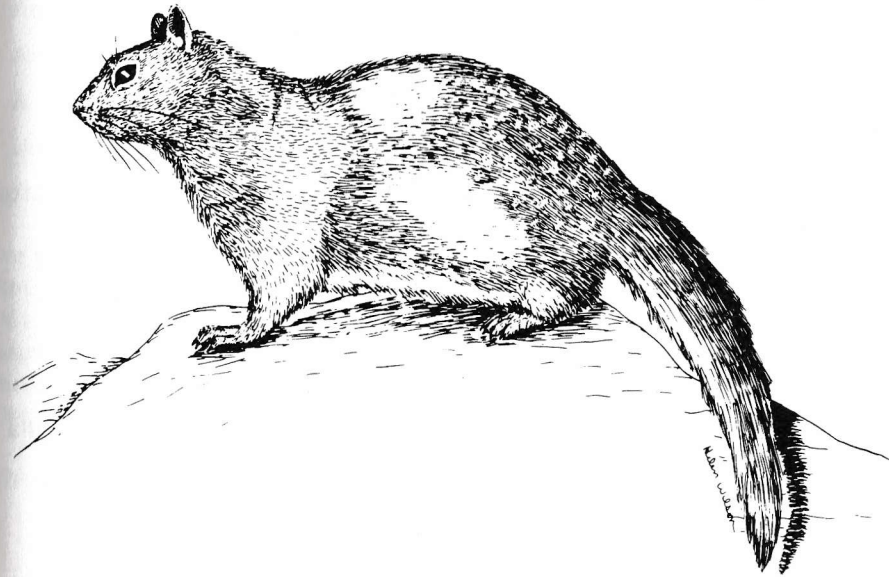
And Money loves him; this he knows,
For his banker tells him so.
Folks who watch his tv show,
He gets rich while they get poor.

Well, the next time I hear them church bells ring,
I'm gonna lay on back. Ain't gonna do a thing,
'Cause I've given up. I've become a doubter.
I'd just as soon believe in a close encounter

As in one of them fat fellas with his slicked backed hair
Talkin' 'bout the Lord on the tv air,
Thousand dollar suit hangin' offa he back,
Headin' down the road in the Cadillac.

And money loves him this he knows,
For his banker tells him so.
Folks who watch his tv show,
He gets rich while they get poor.

^D Yes money loves him.
^D Yes money loves him.
^D Yes money loves him.
His banker tells him so.



Death Valley Days

(Words and music by Greg Keeler)

^G
Last night I was watchin' the tv
^C
So drunk I was fixin' to nod.
^G
^C
I was watchin' replays of old Death Valley Days
^A
And Ronnie that amiable fraud
^D
^C
When I started to dream about high mountain streams
^G
With meadows of undercut sod,
^D
^C
But I woke to James Watt on that midnight news slot,
^G
^D
And I swear that he looked just like God.

He held up a picture of Jesus.
He held up a picture of coal.
He held up a picture of a place in Montana
And asked if we'd sell him our souls.
Well I choked on my Rainier wonderin' what we'd all gain here
Turnin' our prairies to clods.
James Watt said, "Don't worry. We ain't in no hurry.
It's all in the hands of God."

Well an eagle looks nice when it's climbin',
And water looks great when it falls.
They ain't half as substantial as Great Western Financial
Or a lake climbin' up canyon walls.
I hope you wasn't countin' on some crazy mountain
To keep you from becomin' a pod,
'Cause they're all body snatchers: James Watt, Orin Hatch or Some fella
who looks just like God.

Little Bitty Bugs

(Words and music by Greg Keeler)

^G
It's good to be here after drivin' so far.
^C
Damn near burned the tires right off of my car.
^D
I dare you just to step up here and touch this radiator lid.
^G
The amazing thing about it is what brought me here,
^C
Besides a thermos of coffee and a six pack of beer,
^D
Is a precambrian ocean of liquifacted squid.
^G

Chorus:

^C
Along with little bitty bugs and diatoms
^D
^C
All compacted into scum
^D
And left to rot for several hundred million years,
^G
^C
A couple of acres of trees and plants,
^D
A Pteradactyl or two and a bucket of ants,
^G
^C
Just to fill my tank with gas and get me here.
^D

(after last Stanza: Just to fill his tank with gas and get him there.)

I've got this picture in my mind,
Bout a quarter billion years on down the line,
Of a creature perched at the top of evolution's tree.
Some cataclysm or other will have wiped us all out,
But he'll be able to thank us for what he'll be singin' about,
Cause the fuel that gets him there's gonna be made outta you and me.

Chorus

The Ballad of Billy Montana

(Words and music by Greg Keeler)

He was born near Big Timber where the Yellowstone runs deep.
His daddy was drifter. His mother was a sheep.
The doctors said the people there would never understand,
But his daddy said he'd pass him off as a North Dakota man.

And the wind comes up and the grass lies down,
And the wind don't care if they put Billy
in the ground,
And the grass lies down di di di di di di.

On October first of '68 a truck rolled into town.
If Billy'd knowed the driver he'd of never thumbed it down.
But as it was he fell in with a rinestone studded man.
Became the inadvertent member of a country western band.

And the clouds roll up and the rain falls down,
And the clouds don't care if they put Billy in the ground,
And the rain the falls down di di di di di di.

One day near Missoula as he went into his act,
A pretty girl named Millicent with her hair tied up in back
Proposed that he should drive her home that night after the show,
And Billy bein' innocent just couldn't wait to go.

And the trees grow up and the roots grow down,
And the trees don't care if they put Billy in the ground,
And the roots grow down di di di di di di.

She took him to her trailer and opened up a book
Wrote by a guy named Karl Marx and flashed a knowing look.
She said she understood his plight; just how he didn't ask.
But later on he found out that her daddy was
a Basque.

And the hills roll up and the plains roll down,
And the hills don't care if they put Billy in the ground,
And the plains roll down di di di di di di.

Early that next morning he got up and quit his job.
He hit his boss and called him a fat capitalist slob.
Then he took off with that filly who taught anthropology
And joined her in a seminar at the university.

And the geese fly south and the snow flies down,
And the geese don't care if they put Billy in the ground,
And the snow flies down di di di di di di.

But as luck would have it Millicent turned out to be bad news.
She didn't trust the Catholics and she didn't trust the Jews.
She didn't trust Ralph Nader and as if that weren't enough,
Some fellas in white suits came up and dragged her off in cuffs.

And the smoke drifts up and the fire burns down,
And the smoke don't care if they put Billy in the ground,
And the fire burns down di di di di di di.

He tried logging up near Kalispell and ranching down near Butte.
He tried building condominiums in the southern Bitter-Root.
But the land he worked was never his and the friends he made are gone.
Now he sells real estate in Helena and evenings mows his lawn.

And the sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And the sun don't care if they put Billy in the ground,
And the sun goes down di di di di di di.

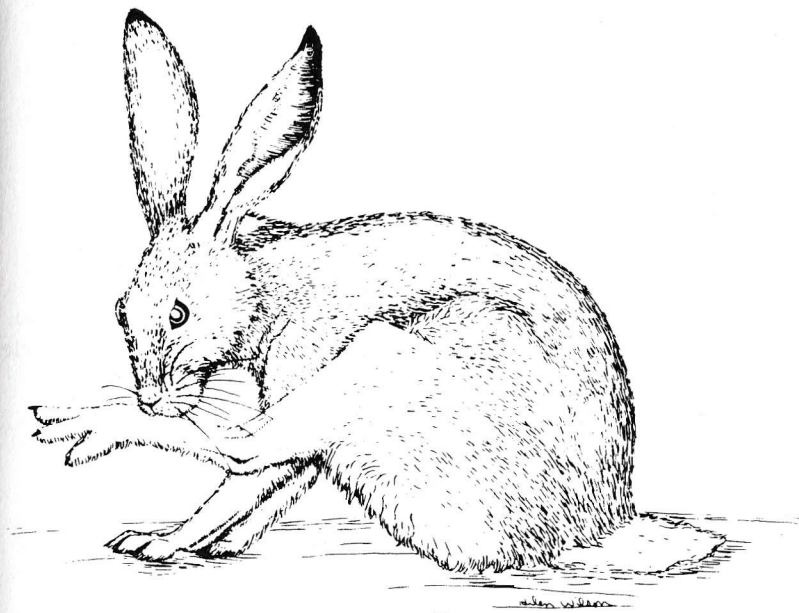
There Ain't No Such Thing As A Montana Cowboy

(Words and music by Greg Keeler)

I couldn't be cooler. I come from Missoula.
 And I rope and I chew and I ride.
 But I'm a heroin dealer and I drive a four-wheeler
 With stereo speakers inside.
 My ol' lady Phoebe's out rippin' off C.B.'s
 From the rigs at the Wagon Wheel Bar.
 Near a Montana truck stop and a shit-outta-luck stop
 For a trucker who's driven too far.
 And there ain't no such thing as a Montana cowboy.
 They's all dead or they's fixin' to die.
 And there ain't no such thing as a Montana cowboy because
 What you think's a cowboy's most likely a plowboy.
 So you better not ask for a hand.
 The plowboys ain't friendly and all the cowboys is Indians.
 And the Indians just don't give a damn.
 And where are the sons of the Montana cowboys?
 They's all gone to ski the big sky.
 They's ridin' gondolas and eatin' granola
 And lookin' for a piece of the pie.

Last night I was deep in an uneasy sleep
 And I dreamed Crazy Horse had returned.
 Ridin' 'cross the damp grounds of KOA campgrounds
 'Til the last Winnebago was burned.
 Then I woke in a fever just like Dennis Weaver
 As Chester before a gunfight.
 And I pulled my Tony Lamas up over my pajamas
 And stumbled out into the night.

And there ain't no such thing as a Montana cowboy.
 They's all dead or they's fixin' to die.
 And there ain't no such thing as a Montana cowboy because,
 What you think's a cowboy's most likely a plowboy,
 So you better not ask for a hand.
 The plowboys ain't friendly and the cowboys is Indians,
 And the Indians just don't give a damn.



The Last Great American Cook-out

(Words by Greg Keeler)
(sort of to the tune of "Six Days on the Road")

^G Come on and tell Michael Gorbachov to invite the little honey
and the kids ^D

To the best damn cook-out since hell, heaven forbid. ^D
We're going to fry everybody in sight and make the world into a ^C
neon light. ^G

There ain't no use in stayin' home because we're ^G
gonna get cooked tonight. ^D

Tell all of them survivors put your M-16's away.
Why don't you sell all your shelters 'cause your shelters won't work
these days.

Sell all your canned goods and freeze-dried foods; then get into
a festive mood.

There ain't no use in stayin' home because we're
gonna get cooked tonight.

If you should happen to make it through that first big barbeque,
Stick around because the world becomes a radar range just for you.
Yes if you last through that initial bout, you'll be cookin' from the inside
out.

There ain't no use in stayin' home because we're
gonna get cooked tonight.

Well, somebody said we're gonna fire one across their bow
As a special invitation to Ronnie and Nancy's lu au.
No matter what kind of dinner you take:
bagles, borscht or chicken-fried steak,

There ain't no use in stayin' home because we're
gonna get cooked tonight.

Fossil-Fuel Cowboy

(Words and music by Greg Keeler)

^G I'm proud to be a fossil-fuel cowboy, ^D
A diesel-burning, meat-consuming man. ^G
I ain't gotta have no brains. I'm at the top of the food chain. ^E
And the way I see it now, there ain't bound to be no change. ^{B₇}

When I was young my daddy was a loser.
He tried to make it on a family farm.
We didn't have a dime and we was workin' most the time,
So I left him there at home and made a fortune on my own.

Yes, I learned the ins and outs of agri-business
And how to take the water table down.
In spring I fertilize. In fall my crops are over-sized,
And I don't lift a finger 'cause it's all computerized.

My lord I've got petroleum in my system.
It's in the air I breathe and in my blood.
I burn it up in stacks, and I wear it on my back
In my dacron leisure suit and my double-knitted slacks

Yes, I'm proud to be a fossil-fuel cowboy,
And I say this prayer before I go to bed:
God help me if I need it. Give me oil 'til I deplete it.
Then I won't give a shit 'cause I'll be dead.

(Repeat first stanza.)

Make Bucks, Get Rich, Be Better Than Everybody, Get Fat, And Have A Heart Attack

(Words and music by Greg Keeler)

^{A_m} Long ago my grandad had a farm in Oklahoma 'til the wind blew away
^{A_m} the soil.

Then the dozers came in and flattened out the place
^C A banker bought it and discovered oil.

^{A_m} When Grandad returned and tried to buy the place back

^D And start to farmin' like he had all along,

^G That banker wouldn't sell and said that he could go to hell,

^D Then he started in to singin' this song.

^{A_m} I gotta make bucks, get rich, be better than everybody, get fat and have a
^{A_m} heart attack.

^G Make bucks, get rich, be better than everybody, get fat and have a heart
^{A_m} attack.

Well, that was long ago, and lots of folks say that a depression couldn't
happen today.

But I just say come off it. Take a look at the windfall profits

That them oil men is makin' us pay.

They's just a bunch of mobsters sittin' and eatin' steak and lobsters

While the old folks freeze in their beds every night,

And if we stick 'em with court rulin's, they'll accuse us all of foolin'

With their inalienable right

To make bucks, get rich, be better than everybody, get fat and have a
heart attack.

Make bucks, get rich, be better than everybody, get fat and have a heart
attack.

A couple years ago on the South China Sea, I was workin' for the
merchant marine,

Still tryin' to make a buck and at the end of my luck

When I came upon this scene.

Out floatin' 'cross the bow was a dirty old scow

Just loaded down with human lives.

They hadn't eaten for days and they yelled out
half-crazed,

But the skipper just passed them by.

And then he explained that i'd just be a pain to try to take that boat in tow.

If we took 'em home and tried to feed 'em, they'd impose upon our freedom:
I.e., they'd cost a lot of dough.

Yes, them tired and hungry masses is just a bunch of asses

Tryin' to cash in on Uncle Sam.

And when he was through, I looked back and half the crew

Had assembled in a military band. They sang,
we gotta

Make bucks, get rich, be better than everybody, get fat and have a heart
attack.

Make bucks, get rich, be better than everybody, get fat and have a heart
attack.

Chugwater Buffalo

(Words and music by Greg Keeler)

My Grandad^C was a Cajun out of Baton Rouge^F
But when Huey Long got shot he had to move.^C
So he packed his bags, went out west, and got hitched up^F
To a full-blooded Ogalala Sioux.^G

My Daddy^C was a banker in a mining town.^F
He was murdered on the night I was conceived.^C
Collecting on a mortgage from a miner's wife.^F
He died with his pants around his knees.^C

Chorus:

And Jeanie's at the drive-in sellin' root beer.^F
Jimmy's workin' at the IGA.^C
And I'm sittin' home and countin' up my welfare checks.^F
And drinkin' my blues away.^C

In the 50s I rolled Kerouac his first joint,
Wrapped my first motorcycle round a tree.
In the 60s I fell in love and lit my fire,
Then I blew it out with LSD.

Chorus

Near Chugwater, Wyoming there's a row of cliffs
That drops down from the high and windy plains.
When the Indians drove buffalo up to them cliffs,
They'd jump off and batter out their brains.

Well whiskey makes you feel like you could rule the world,
And burgundy will warm you to your toes,
But an evening drinkin' Ripple's gonna make you feel
Like one of them Chugwater buffalos.

Chorus

I met a man who said he'd seen the Judgment Day come down
But now he says he's fine.
Well, any man who says he's seen the Judgment Day come down
Ain't no friend of mine.

Chorus

Ski Yellowstone

(Words and music by Greg Keeler)

As I was out walking the Hebgen trails, my eyes they opened wide.^{A_m}
From what I could see, they'd cut down half the trees and scarred up^C
the mountainside.^{A_m}
Now ain't it a shame that until it's too late we don't know what we have got,^C
'Cause they'll cover them scars with some snack shops and bars and a
dozen parking lots.^D

Chorus:

So come all you Pennsylvania boys and California too.^F
We'll make Hebgen Lake into a cosmic zoo.^C

(Change zoo to screw on last chorus.)

Then I met a young man with a saw in his hand. He was wearin' a yellow
hard hat.
And I asked if he knew what they was planning to do with that grizzly
habitat.

"Don't worry, said he, 'bout ecology where profit incentive's concerned.
I know it ain't fair 'bout them grizzly bears, but there's money to be
earned."

Chorus

When the trappers first came to this untouched land, they left their
bad habits behind
And went to the woods where nobody had stood and they called it the
shining time.
It's a long time since then when them mountain men came out here to
live their dreams.
Now Florida blonds dump their pink porta-johns in the sources of
mountain streams.

Chorus

I had a vision the other night. The gates of heaven had opened for me.
And Saint Peter smiled as I went through the stile, then he tossed me
a pair of skis.
Then down through the clouds skied a hidious crowd; 'neath their
sporty white goggles was bone.
And one of them yelled that they'd sold out to hell like the fools at
Yellowstone.

Chorus

What's Left Of The West

(Words and music by Greg Keeler)

Manifest destiny ain't had a rest
 Ever since Horace Greeley said, "Young man go west."
 So we've chewed up the mountains and spit out the plains
 While we get indigestion from each acid rain.
 It's gotten so bad, the West ain't any place.
 I'll ask ya "How are ya?" and you'll stare into space.
 What's left of the West's where we've already been,
 So Alaska Hawaii again.

Chorus:

And Honolulu's no lulu. Fairbanks ain't so fair.
 Take a sip of the water; take a whiff of the air.
 Take some pictures of the wildlife: take a leak in the stream.
 Take a jet back to Cleveland and dream.

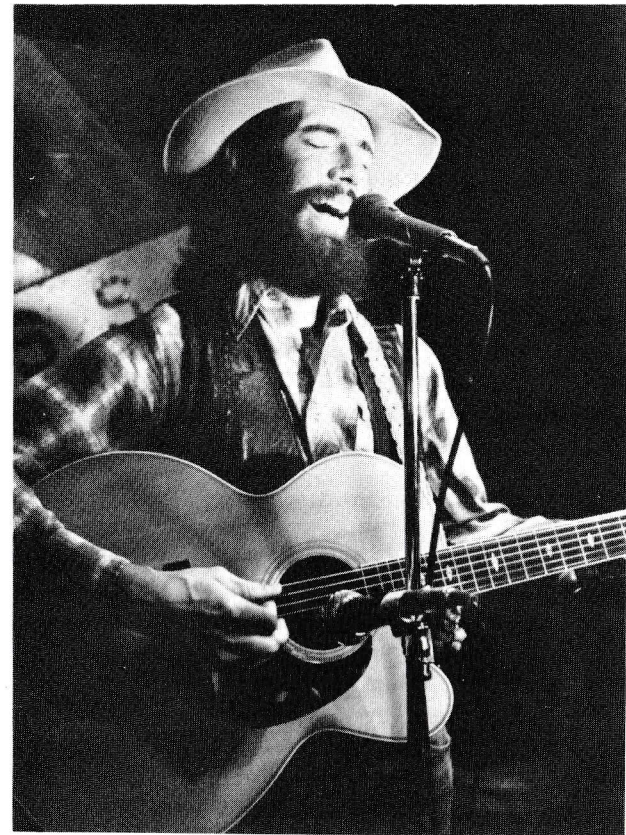
If trees went to congress and forests could vote,
 Our chances of survival might not be so remote.
 But since we don't give a damn as to who they'd elect,
 Their absentee ballots are the greenhouse effect.
 What's a boatload of timber? What's the whole human race?
 I'll ask ya, "How are ya?" and you'll stare into space.
 What's left of the West's where we've already been,
 So Alaska Hawaii again.

Chorus

We scrub up with phosphates then flush down the suds
 Till the banks of our rivers is bubbles and mud.
 Just to stay sanitary, we've gone to these lengths.
 Now our whole ecosystem's industrial strength.
 It's so simple to screw up what can't be replaced.
 I'll ask ya "How are ya?" and you'll stare into space.
 What's left of the West's where we've already been,
 So Alaska Hawaii again.

Chorus

Walkin' Jim Stoltz



Walkin' Jim Stoltz is a wild spirit with a loving heart. Unlike the historic mountain man who inadvertently broke the trail for the exploitation of the then real wilderness, Jim lives the life with a heightened appreciation born of historic hindsight sharpened to an urgency by our strangling times. He is the stubborn spokesman of the Griz, the lone-teacher Coyote, the vanishing dream. His deep, resonant voice carries us all to the special places he sings about; experiences absorbed over 15,000 miles of trail.

This is music written by someone who has really been there, experienced it in the most intense way, clear down to the bones. We are pleased to present his recording "Spirit Is Still On The Run," and to include these selections from it here. As Jim Bridger is reported to have hollered, held back in his excitement (by his over-cautious men), staring off a sheer cliff at their first sight of the unmapped Rockies: "Turn me loose boys! I'll never be the same!"

— Lone Wolf Circles

Listen To The Earth

(Words and music by Walkin' Jim Stoltz)

Have you ever heard the giants fall, when it's silent in the wood?
Fallin' down all from their heights, 300 years they stood,
Time has reaped its harvest now, upon the forest floor,
There's something there, I know there is,
If we listen to the Earth once more.

Have you ever heard the coyotes howl, their ballads for the stars?
It's the only sound for miles around, you can hear it from afar,
It's the same ol' song they've been singin' now, since the lions learned
to roar,
There's something there, I know there is,
If we listen to the Earth once more.

Have you ever heard the mountains move, when the rocks come
tumblin' down?
Seems the world is gonna end, but it's just shifting itself around,
It happens all the time my friend, it's all been done before,
There's something there, I know there is,
If we listen to the Earth once more.

Have you ever heard the river talk, the voices in the stream?
Hear the laughter in the joy, the terror in the scream,
There's purity just in the flow, and strength within the roar,
There's something there, I know there is,
If we listen to the Earth once more.

But our Age is racing by, too busy to catch the eye,
Of the seagull as she's dancin' o'er the strand,
And we're always racin' Time, to find our peace of mind.

— (Bridge)

But it's all right there, right where we all began.

Have you heard the factory roar, smelled the sewage in the stream?
Have you ever choked just from the air, the stuff we've rated "clean?"
We strip the land, we cut the forests, we hush the river's roar,
There's something there, I know there is,
If we listen to the Earth, If we listen to the Earth,
If we listen to the Earth once more.

Lone Lion Runs

(Words and music by Walkin' Jim Stoltz)
(G position, capoed to A)

On the high snow-topped mountain where the weathered pinyon pine,
Where the mountain winds are born, and the eagle's feathers shine,
There's a creature cryin' in the night, it echoes through the hills,
He looks down at the valley lights, then turns back to his kill.

Chorus:

Lone lion runs and the lone lion cries,
He used to roam this whole land but now he just
gets by,
Lone lion runs and the lone lion cries,
Tomorrow the lone lion dies.

He took it all in stride, when the west he knew had died,
He took to them lonesome places, swept there by the tide,
And he wondered at the sights of them sparklin' city lights,
But when he saw what we had done, he just cried out in the night.

Chorus

Now the sub-divisions knockin' on the mountains very door,
And lots of folks are goin' where they never walked before,
And the king's domain is shrinkin' like a cloud torn in the sky,
The writings on the wall, that's why you'll hear him cry.

Final Chorus

The Litter Song

(Words and music by Walkin' Jim Stoltz)

(G position, capoed to A)

The most beautiful spot in the whole
wide world

And the people come to see,
Cameras are a-clickin' and tongues are a-tickin'
And everyone agrees,

It's a special spot and it should be saved, this they all believe,
But when the sun goes down, and they all go home,
This is what they leave:

Cigarette butts like a carpet of dust and they're scattered all over
the place
Five busted coolers and three old socks, and one old box of cornflakes,
A potatoe-chip bag and a dirty rag, and a jar of dippity-do,
Ten paper cups and twenty gum wrappers —
And some melted ice-cream too, (oouwhh),
some melted ice-cream, too!

There was a man that we revered, and
we held him up so high,
We built him a marble monument to mark him when he died,
And the people still come from miles around just to praise his good,
proud name,

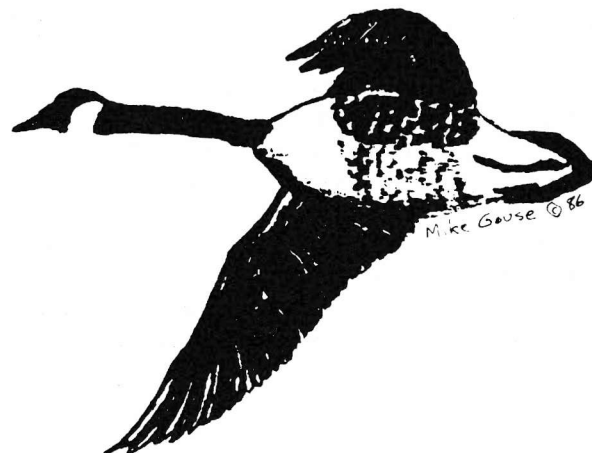
My how they crow but when they go,

It's a dog-gone dirty shame:

'Cause there's bottles over here and there's cans over there
And they're scattered all over the place,
Twelve newspapers and a yellow crayon, and a moldy old chocolate cake,
There's a spool of wire and a pair of pliers, and a tube of Elmers Glue,
Three old tires and a Ding-dong wrapper —
And a wad of toilet paper, too (oouuh), and a wad of toilet paper, too!

3. We're the space age folks, let's
clean it up before we've gone too far
We've trashed up the Earth and now we're reachin' for the stars,
When we get to the moon, well I'll stay here 'cause I got this fear in me,
When I get there I'll look around, and this is what I'll see:

Cigarette butts like a carpet of dust and they're scattered all over
the place,
Ten film boxes and eight pop-tops, and one old tube of tooth paste,
A Dorito bag and a can of raid, and a worn out tennis shoe,
Three pop bottles and twenty beer cans —
And a dirty diaper too, (oouuh),
And a dirty diaper, too!



Yellowstone Tales

(Words and music by Walkin' Jim Stoltz)

^GWe've left our past behind, and we've stepped all thru Time,
^GTo come unto the Land once again,
^GShe's still sleepin' in the snow, but she's awakenin' oh so slow,
^GAnd the sun is shinin' like a long lost friend.

^GWe've come here like pilgrims, to see if it was true,
^GIf the earth here can change like in a dream,
^GAnd we've wandered down the canyons thru the lodgepole and the spruce
^GTo find the world of geysers and of steam.

Chorus:

^CAnd I feel like I've found some new magic,
^CAmidst the snow and the steam-plumed vales,
^CAnd like a mountain man of old, I guess that I've been sold,
^COn them snow-covered Yellowstone Tales.

Now years ago John Colter, he wandered thru this land,
 Unto the geyser basins he was led,
 But no one would believe all the things he said he'd seen,
 And I wonder if this is what he said:
 And I feel like I've found some new magic,
 Amidst the snow and the steam-plumed vales,
 I'm a mountain man I know, and I guess that I've been sold,
 On them snow-covered Yellowstone Tales.

Now we sit amid the hot-pots, all along the Ferris Fork,
 And the snow is dancin' slowly down,
 And we wonder if it's real, all the things we see and feel,
 And we marvel at the treasures that we've found.

Final Chorus

There Is Power In The Earth

(Words by Walkin' Jim Stoltz)

(tune — "There Is Power In The Blood,"
 or Joe Hill song, "There Is Power In a Union")

^DCome all you folks from all o'er the land,
^ASing out for the Earth, come on make a stand,
^DNo more Love Canals, no more dyin' seas,
^ACome on, do your share, sing with me!

Chorus:

^DThere is power, there is power
^GIn a band of folks that care,
^AWhen they stand, hand in hand,
^DThat's a power, that's a power
^GMust be heard throughout the land,
^AFor the Earth now we must stand.

Have you seen enough destruction and rape,
 Of the loggers greed there ain't no escape
 Quality of Life means a world that is clean,
 Come on help us now, keep it green!

Chorus

Have you heard enough of this century's roar,
 Drownin' out the sounds you once heard before,
 The grey wolf's howl and the grizzly's track,
 Come on, make a stand, bring them back!

Chorus

What gives us the right to soil and destroy?
 The Earth is a home, it isn't a toy,
 Life has no place in a stripped over land,
 Come on, do your share, lend a hand!

Final Chorus

Spirit Is Still On The Run

(Words and music by Walkin' Jim Stoltz)

^GDaddy, what ever happened to the ^{G C}old buffalo
I know ^Gthey don't ^Croam here no ^Dmore,
Cause at school today, they say ^Gthey've ^Cgone away,
But no one ^Gever ^Dsays just what ^Gfor.

Well now listen my son, I'll tell you how the West
was won,

How the herds fell to the big ^Dneedle ^Cguns,
But the ^Gghosts of them herds still pound
o'er the earth

And their ^GSpirit is ^Dstill on the ^Grun.

Yes, their ^CSpirit is still on the ^Grun,
It's the American Dream ^Dmovin' on,
Their ^Gmemory is free, left to you and to me,
And their ^GSpirit is ^Dstill on the ^Grun.

Daddy, what ever happened to the old grizzly bear
I know he once roamed the West wide,
But at school today they say he's pushed back to stay
In the mountains where he has to hide.

Well now listen my son, I'll tell you 'bout these
proud ones
Where they stalk, all others walk small
But man to his shame, can't stand the untamed,
And there's some that wouldn't have him at all.

Chorus

Daddy, what ever happened to the Indian of old,
The original American son,
Cause at school today, they say he's dyin' away,
And someday he will be gone.

Listen my son, I'll tell you how the worlds run,
The masses will win in the end,
And the proud and the brave are all swept away,
Whole cultures are lost to the wind.

Chorus

Daddy, what ever happened to the big piney forests,
And the prairies that stretched out like seas.
'Cause the schoolbooks they say, these were all in the way.
When the settlers come a-swarmin' like bees.

Listen my son, I'll tell you how all these have gone,
It's sad but it's not been in vain,
Their lifesblood was bought, and with the spirit
it brought

A whole country was born into fame.

And ^Call that have died or been ^Gswept to the side
They still ^Cgive us hope ^Deveryone
They give us ^Gdreams of the ^Cfree, what has ^Gbeen and can ^Cbe,
And their ^GSpirit is ^Dstill on the ^Grun.

Final Chorus

Australia



We Americans have a peculiar arrogance in thinking that we are in the forefront of everything in the world. It is a pleasant comeuppance to have to follow another country. When we were forming Earth First! in the USA, when we were merely talking about putting our bodies between the bulldozers and the trees, Australians were doing it — had been doing it for several years. When we were talking about using music to sound the charge, we discovered land-based singers and songwriters in Australia who were singing to bulldozers and chainsaws.

Australian environmentalists are the world's leaders in direct action, rainforest preservation, and in searching for Earth-harmonious lifestyles. There is very little the Australian environmental movement can learn from corporate American environmental groups, but there is much we Yanks can learn from OZ. Especially their songs — sing them to a bulldozer.

—Dave Foreman

Tonka Toys

(Words and music by Frog & Brenda)

Chorus:

^EWe wanna cut, we wanna kill
^AWe wanna bulldoze that there hill
^{B₇}We don't care who pays the bill
^ECause we're playin' with our tonka toys
^EI'll cut a snig track, you block the creek
^AHe'll cut the trees where the slope's too steep
^{B₇}Give the conservationists the creeps
^EPlayin' with our tonka toys

Chorus

^AI got a bulldozer, you got a chainsaw
^{B₇}He's got a logging truck ^E_p
^AWe don't care about environmental impact
^{B₇}We're only in it for the buck, mate

Chorus

Nya nya nya nya nya, nya nya nya nya
 Nya nya nya nya nya, nya nya nya nya
 Nya nya nya nya nya, nya nya nya nya
 Playin' with our tonka toys

I got a lunch pail, you got a thermos
 He's got a yellow hat
 After lunch we'll clearfell the forest
 And that'll be the end of that, mate

Chorus

We're all playin' with our tonka toys
 Just like little Australian boys
 Makin' lots of lovely noise
 Playin' with our tonka toys

Chorus

We're so tough, we're so proud
 We got stopped by a noisy crowd
 The magistrate said we weren't allowed
 To play with our tonka toys

Chorus (twice)

Hey, Terania

(Words and Music by Paul Josef)

They came from near and far, in answer to the call
 They came from every place across the land
 They came to take a stand, for the Earth from which we're born
 They came to take their neighbour by the hand

Chorus:

Hey Terania, your children are fighting for your trees
 With songs of hope and love, reaching to the skies above
 To show the world that love can bring them to their knees

The bulldozers they came, bringing noise and pain
 Destroying everything in their way
 The policemen like an army, riding shotgun for machines
 "It's just our job" was all that they would say

Chorus

They sang to the stars, they sang to the trees
 Their voices were heard across the land
 From the top of every mountain to the heart of every town
 Until they made the people understand

Chorus (twice)

Take Your Bulldozers Away

(Words and music by Phil Levy & Saul Roche)

You can take your bulldozers from under our noses
 We're not as gutless as the sawmill supposes
 Hands off our greenery, take home your machinery
 Take your bulldozers away

Timber beasts to the devil
 Choke on your sawdust you're not on the level
 Save our forests forever
 Take your bulldozers away



Lisette © 86

Forest Song

(Words and music by Danny Broccoli)

^E Open your ears to the ^A sounds of the forest
 The sound of the wind in the ^E leaves
 The rushing of water flowing ^A over the stones
 And every small creature that ^E breathes
 Hear the birds sing as they ^E play with the wind
 Up in the branches so ^{B₇} high, ^A high, high
 Know if we don't change the ^E way that we're living
 All of this beauty must die

La la la la la la, la la la la la la,
^A la la la la la la

La la la la la la, la la la la la la,
^A la la la la la la

Open your eyes to the sights of the forest
 A cascade of colour and form
 And every small place that you look around you
 A new kind of beauty is born
 See the tall trees reaching up to the sky
 The seedling that springs from the earth
 And you are the ones who now must decide
 How much is this really worth?

La la la la la la, la la la la la la,
 la la la la la la
 La la la la la la, la la la la la la,
 la la la la la la

Extinction

(Words and music by John Seed)

^{A_m} O yes, there's just one thing more,
^G Extinction howls outside the door
^E And no matter what you say
^E Its a hell of a price to pay
^{A_m} For security,
^G And when you see species tumbling down
^F Ask yourself what's real — estate agent or gene pool? ^E

Blade poised at my mother's throat
 Nuclear umbrella to shield by soul
 Yellow-cake Bob has got my vote
 Roxby Downs pays wage or dole
 To be or not to be?
 The final choice
 Ecology or extinction, raise your voice

Ever since we heard the news
 Sisters and brothers sing the blues
 Share despair, fear and sorrow
 Loving each other like there's no to-morrow
 Or yesterday
 We pray for freedom from the known
 Ecology, ecstasy, evolution

Sap coursing through a mammal branch
 Touches you, a trembling human leaf
 Send your roots back through the Tree of Life
 Shedding false humanistic belief
 You fall to your knees
 In some still natural place
 Embrace the trees, feel ecology pierce your heart

O yes, there's just one thing more,
 Extinction howls outside the door
 And no matter what you say
 It's a hell of a price to pay

Yellow cake Bob is Australian Prime Minister Bob Hawke; Roxby Downs is the world's largest uranium mine.

Subvert the Dominant Paradigm

(Words and music by B. Hanley)

I wander ^Ethrough this crazy time
Lots of trouble in the people's minds
On the wall I see a sign saying
"Subvert the Dominant Paradigm."

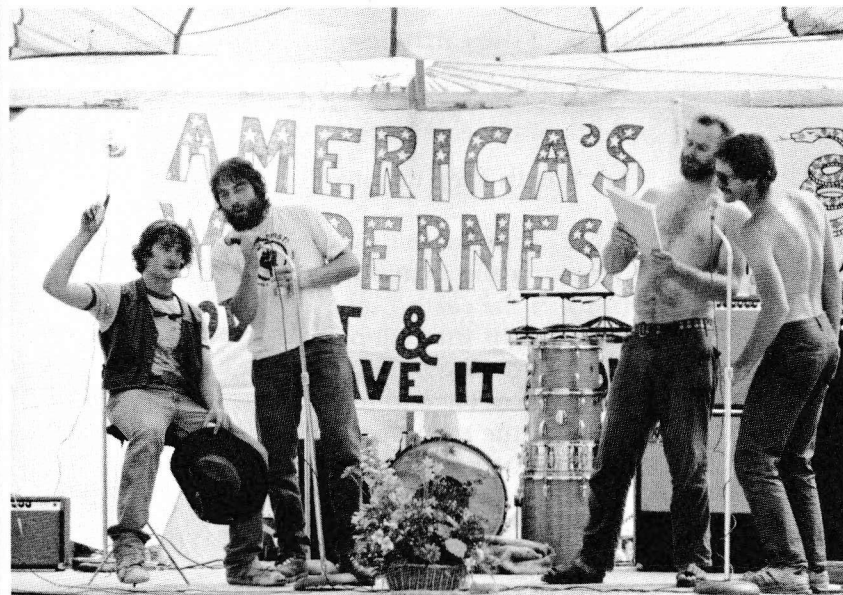
Now the dominant paradigm, constipated
Propped up, painted, nearly castrated
Neurotic, psychotic, alcohol related
Subvert the dominant paradigm.

Now the dominant paradigm, ego inflated
Paranoid, schizoid, triangulated
Not free, guilty, triple X-rated
Subvert the dominant paradigm.

Now the dominant paradigm, such a consumer
Inflate, rebate, no sense of humour
Eating the world like cancerous tumour
Subvert the dominant paradigm.

If you're wondering what this paradigm be
It's not a thing you can hear or see
It's the mind space — simply consumes
And doesn't replace. Off its face!
Subvert the dominant paradigm!

A Potpourri



My dictionary defines "potpourri" as "a mixture of dried petals of roses or other flowers with spices, kept in a jar for their fragrance" or as "a musical medley." Don't keep this fragrant mixture of flowers and spices cooped up in a jar any longer. Let them out! We're very pleased to present this potpourri of songwriting talent and look forward to more musical vision from these folks.
—Dave Foreman

For information on retail or wholesale purchase of **The Earth First! Li'l Green Songbook**, or to submit songs for future editions, write or call Earth First!, POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703 (602)622-1371.

earth first!

(Words and music by stephanie)

think of the earth first
she bring you bread and honey
think of the earth first
she feed me when I'm hungry
think of the earth first
don't worry about money
think of the earth first
her breath keep us alive

think of the earth first
her skin collect the sunshine
think of the earth first
then turn it into tall pine
think of the earth first
take care of folks in food line
think of the earth first
she feed us every day

think of the earth first
her water is delicious
think of the earth first
inside her veins swim fishes
think of the earth first
she grant you secret wishes
think of the earth first
her magic on display

think of the earth first
the worms complete the soil
think of the earth first
when with our hands we toil
think of the earth first
we cannot eat black oil
think of the earth first
or she'll not think of you

think of the earth first
no matter your position
think of the earth first
she's not the competition
think of the earth first
it's her house that we live in
think of
think of the earth first!



Give 'Em Hell, Sally Bell

(Words and music by Darryl Cherney)

Note: The original Sally Bell was one of the only surviving members of the Sinkyone Tribe of California after they were massacred. She went on to become a renowned healer. This song is about a woman who, in fighting for the preservation of the Sinkyone wilderness, took on the name and spirit of the original Sally Bell. I dedicate this song to all activists in the world, especially those who have spent time in jail for their cause.

I'm here to sing the tale of Sally Bell
A heroine by all that's "naturelle"
She's fighting for the fir and redwood
So they don't wind up as deadwood
To make room for the new Humboldt House Motel
Sally stands but five foot tall on tippy toes
But you oughta see the kind of clout she throws
She'll stand in front of a bulldozer
Screaming buddy don't come closer
That tree is gonna stand right where it grows

Chorus:

Give 'em hell, Sally Bell, give 'em hell
Seems like that's what they've been wanting so
you really might as well
Give 'em hell, Sally Bell, give 'em hell
Mother nature's own crusader
Save the redwoods (oceans, planet) Sally Bell

Now Sally went on up to Centerville
Where those Navy men were doing their own will
Tracking down those Russian nuke subs
With these cameras, size of bath tubs
That they're dropping in the ocean for a spell
But Sally said, "Uh-uh big boys, no more
What'cha tired of the redwoods now you want the ocean floor"
But they had her quick arrested when an admiral protested
That this little girl was blocking up his door

Chorus

Now they sentenced Sally Bell to thirty days
Three cheers for good judge Roland, down old Fortuna way
He was banging on his gavel trying to appease the rabble
Of the Navy, FBI, and CIA
Now I have to ask what kind of men these are
To put one like Sally Bell behind those bars
But now she's got the prison ranting
'Cause she's doing all this chanting
And the whole cell block is anti-nuclear

Chorus

The Blessed Land Of The Grizzly

(Words by Keith Hammer)
(tune — "The Dancing Bear")

^{E_m} They once roamed the mountains of New Mexico
^D And north to the lands of the Lasting Snow
^A They were the truly free
^C That's how it used to be
^{E_m} ^D That was the land of the Grizzly ^{E_m}

Their homeland has shrunken 'till it's frightening
To think that man's stranglehold is tightening
When the timber is all sold
The gas, the oil, and the gold
Where is the land of the Grizzly

We here are blessed with their company
This is our only opportunity
To guard this final corridor
After this there is no more
THIS is the land of the Grizzly

Won't you come and join us as we all hold hands
In prayer for our brother of the wildlands
We're thankful that we finally see
And pray that this will always be
The Blessed Land of the Grizzly

General Ludd

(Traditional — thanks to Bob Phillips)

^C Chant no more your old rhymes about old Robin Hood —
^F His feats I would little admire
^G I will sing the achievements of General Ludd,
^C The hero of Nottingham Shire.
^F The engines of mischief were sentenced to die
^C By unanimous vote of the trade,
^G And Ludd, who can all opposition defy, was Grand Executioner made.
^C Now when in the work of destruction employed
Himself to no method confines.
By fire and by water he gets them destroyed —
The elements they his designs.
When they're guarded by soldiers along the highway
Or safely secured in the room,
He shivers unmuffled by night and by day,
And nothing can soften their doom.
He may censure great Ludd's disrespect for the law
Who ne'er for a moment reflects
That foul imposition alone was the cause
Produced these unhappy effects.
Let the haughty no longer the humble oppress
Then shall Ludd sheathe his conquering sword.
His grievances instantly meet with redress
And peace shall be quickly restored.
So let no wise and the great lend their aid and advice
Nor e'er their assistance withdraw,
'Till old-fashioned work gets a new-fashioned price
Established by custom and law.
Then the trade when this arduous contest is o'er
Shall raise in full splendor its head,
And cutting and coating and swearing no more
Shall deprive honest workmen of bread.
Chant no more your old rhymes about old Robin Hood —
His feats I would little admire.
I will sing the achievements of General Ludd,
The hero of Nottingham Shire.
The engines of mischief were sentenced to die
By unanimous vote of the trade,
And Ludd, who can all opposition defy,
Was Grand Executioner made. — Was Grand Executioner made.

Monkey Wrench Blues

Words by Nagasaki Johnson & Hurricane; Music by Mike Roselle
(8 bar blues progression)

Well, I pulled out stakes
The other day,
Layed 'em on the ground
And that's where they stay,

Chorus:

Cause it don't seem right
(No, it don't seem right)
It just don't seem right
(No it don't seem right)
That Monkeywrenchin' sho' seems right to me!

Well I take out my hammer,
And I take out my spikes,
I go to the woods
And I stay all night,

Chorus

Well Dan Rather says it
On the T.V. news.
You KNOW he's got
Dem Monkeywrench blues.

Chorus

Well those trees there be
A thousand years old,
But you want to ship 'em
off to TOKYO,

Chorus

Well, I take off my hat,
I take off my shoes,
And I dance all night
To the Monkeywrench Blues.

Chorus

Repeat and fade.

(Note: some have suggested we fade before we start. This song was performed semi-live by Nagasaki Johnson & the Spikettes at the '86 RRR.)

ALBUM AND PERFORMANCE INFORMATION

Although we have included guitar chords with the songs in **The Earth First! Li'l Green Songbook**, we have not been able to include the actual music. The best way to learn the music to these songs is to listen to it. You can do that one of two ways: attend a performance by the artist or listen to one of their cassette tapes.

The following cassettes are available from Earth First! Music:

*Bill Oliver "Texas Oasis" — includes Texas Oasis; Pretty Paper, Pretty Trees; If Cans Were Nickels; Shopping Maul; What Is An Aquifer, Anyway?; Weatherize; Not So Fast, LCRA; Barton Springs Eternal; Condo Council; Heartstrings; CONDO; Village Creek (A Death In The Family); Watt Won't Do; Holes; Too Cheap To Meter; Snail Darter March; There's This Hill; Song For William O. Douglas; River Libber; Talking To Trees; Habitat. \$9 postpaid.

*Bill Oliver & Friends "Better Things To Do" — includes Audubon Song; Atchafalaya Shuffle; Get Along Litter Dogies; Pine Away Pine Bark Beetle; Grand Canyon Rendezvous (by Glen Waldeck); John Worthless, Al Grande, and Mr. Woodruff; Muir Power To You; Better Things To Do; When I Look In The Sky; Indian Deep; Please Don't Leave The Water Running When You Wash The Dog; Guard Dog It; Upper Shore; Basic One Step. \$9 postpaid.

*Greg Keeler "Songs Of Fishing, Sheep And Guns In Montana" — includes Ballad Of Billy Montana; I Don't Waltz (And She Don't Rock'n'Roll); Drinkin' My Blues Away; Miles City Buckin' Horse Sale; Latter Day Worm Fisherman; Fossil Fuel Cowboy; Montana Cowboy; Cold Dead Fingers; Last Great American Cookout; I Call My Mama Papa; Good Morning Sailor; Make Bucks; Get Rich; Roll On Missouri. \$6.50 postpaid.

*Greg Keeler "Talking Sweet Bye & Bye" — includes Little Bitty Bugs; There'll Come A Revolution; Talking Sweet Bye & Bye; Facilitators From The Sky; Talking Interface Blues; Old Friends And Lovers; Big Budget Woman; Church Bells; Ski Yellowstone; Idaho; Death Valley Days; Dark Clouds. \$6.50 postpaid.

*Cecelia Ostrow "All Life Is Equal" — includes Sweet Oregon Home; Water; Wild Things; Forest Song; River Is A Being; Windmill; Time In The Forest; Woman By The Bay; Old Timers; Country Song; Dark Time; You Were There For Me; I Feel The Forest. \$6.50 postpaid.

*Walkin' Jim Stoltz "Spirit Is Still On The Run" — includes All Along The Great Divide; Lone Lion Runs; Edgar Griffin - 1918; The Litter Song; Sweetwater; As A Desert Day Dies; Yellowstone Tales; Followin' The Rainbow Trail; Lone Coyote Ways; The Writing On The Rock; Spirit Is Still On The Run. \$9 postpaid.

*Lone Wolf Circles "Full Circle" — 27 magical poems — a rhythmic prayer set to flute, guitar, banjo and the many sounds of nature. \$10 postpaid.

*Soon to be available will be "Johnny Sagebrush's Greatest Hits," another album from Cecelia, a second album from Walkin' Jim Stoltz, and a fine tape of the Nightcap blockade in Australia with many of the Aussie songs featured in **The Li'l Green Songbook**. Write us for details after January 1, 1987.

Order from:
Earth First!
POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703

All of the singers/songwriters presented in **The Li'l Green Songbook** are available for public performances. For complete information on fees, scheduling, etc., contact them directly:

- *Bill Oliver 515 E. 40, Austin, TX 78751 (512)469-3176
- *Walkin' Jim Stoltz Box 477, Big Sky, MT 59716 (406)995-4906
- *Greg Keeler c/o English Dept. Montana State University, Bozeman, MT 59717
- *Cecelia Ostrow POB 14742, Portland, OR 97214 (503)239-4991
- *Johnny Sagebrush c/o SEACC, Box 1692, Juneau, AK 99802 (907)586-6942
- *Darryl Cherney POB 9, Piercy, CA 95467
- *Stephanie Gen. Del. Ophir, CO 81426
- *John Seed (for Aussies) c/o Rainforest Information Centre, POB 368, Lismore 2480, NSW, AUSTRALIA (In Australia, contact John Seed for copies of **The Li'l Green Songbook** or the Nightcap cassette.)
- *Lone Wolf Circles Box 652, Reserve, NM 87830

For information on retail or wholesale purchase of **The Earth First! Li'l Green Songbook**, or to submit songs for future editions, write or call Earth First!, POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703 (602)622-1371.



About EARTH FIRST!

"What?!" you say. "Another wilderness/environmental group? There are more environmental outfits than plague fleas on a New Mexico prairie dog! I already belong to the Sierra Club, Wilderness Society, Friends of the Earth, Audubon, Greenpeace . . . Why another one? Why EARTH FIRST!?"

Because we're different.

* To begin with, we do not believe that it is enough to preserve our remaining wilderness. It is time to *recreate* vast areas of wilderness in all of America's ecosystems: identify key areas, close roads, remove developments, and reintroduce extirpated wildlife.

* It is not enough to oppose the construction of new dams. It is time to free our shackled rivers and tear down Hetch Hetchy, Glen Canyon, New Melones, Tellico and other dams.

* EARTH FIRST! does not compromise. We set forth the pure, hard-line position of those who believe the Earth comes first. We are emotional, passionate, and angry. We also have a sense of humor.

* While other environmental groups are members of the American political establishment and essentially adopt the anthropocentric worldview of Industrial Civilization, we say that the ideas and manifestations of Industrial Civilization are anti-Earth, anti-woman and anti-liberty. We are working to develop a new biocentric paradigm based on the intrinsic value of all things: Deep Ecology.

* Lobbying, lawsuits and research papers are fine. But they are not enough. EARTH FIRST! also uses confrontation, guerrilla theater, direct action and civil disobedience to fight for wild places. And while we do not engage in monkeywrenching as a group or necessarily advocate it, we present a forum for the exchange of ideas on creative opposition to the juggernaut of "progress."

* To avoid co-option, we feel it is necessary to avoid the corporate organizational structure so readily embraced by other environmental groups. EARTH FIRST! is a movement, not an organization. Our structure is non-hierarchical. We have no highly-paid "professional" staff or formal leadership. There are various autonomous but cooperating elements within the EARTH FIRST! tribe, including dozens of local EF! groups, the Earth First! Foundation, *The Earth First! Journal*, various task forces, and the Round River Rendezvous.

* Quite simply, EARTH FIRST! believes in wilderness for its own sake.

For more information about EARTH FIRST! and for a complimentary copy of *The Earth First! Journal* (\$15 for a subscription/eight issues a year), write Earth First!, POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703.

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